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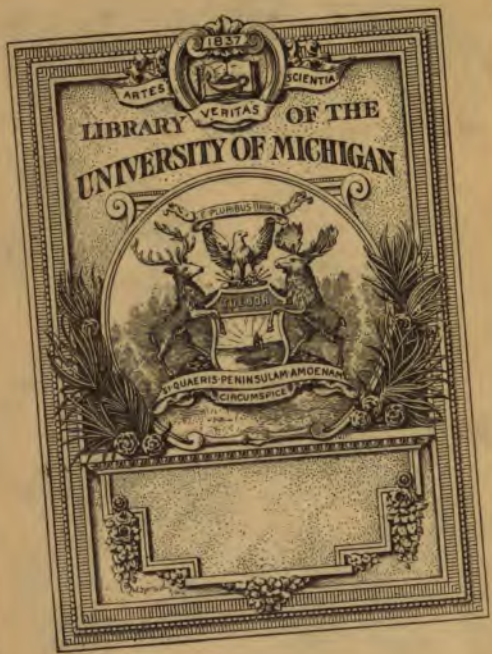
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Adapted alike to
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and for use on the
Amateur Stage

Philadelphia
The Penn Publishing Company
1911

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TABLEAUX.

SECTION I.

TRAVELING MAGICIAN.

Behind a small table stands a magician in the act of drawing a rabbit by the ears from a tall hat. A man sits in front of table at the left side with a little boy on his knee, looking up at the magician in amused wonder. At the right side of the table sits a young girl asleep, her head thrown back and resting on the table. Her right hand holds a tambourine. Her attitude shows great weariness.

PURITANS ON THE WAY TO CHURCH.

CHARACTERS.

Young Man and Young Woman.

The young man is dressed in short, full trousers gathered in at the knee, dark hose, heavy low-tie shoes, a loose frock coat, belted at the waist and buttoned closely to the throat, a deep white collar turned over and reaching almost to the shoulders, and a high-crowned, wide-brimmed straw hat with band and buckle. He carries a gun upon his right shoulder, which he steadies with his right hand.

The young woman wears a plain dark dress with shoulder cape reaching to the waist, a long white apron, deep white cuffs, and plain round hood tied under the chin with long, narrow strings. Her hands, lightly clasped in front of her, carry a Bible.

The couple are walking side by side, and on their faces is a calm, earnest expression.

SORTING THE MAIL.

The figure of an old man is bending over a mail-bag from which he has drawn a letter which he is peering at over his spectacles as he holds it up before him. At his right hand stands a young girl looking intently at a letter in her hand.

OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES.

SCENE I.

A youth is holding two or three cherries by their stems before the eyes of a young girl who is looking up at him expectantly.

SCENE II.

The young girl has her eyes shut and her mouth open. The youth has placed his finger in her mouth, and is about to drop the cherries into his own open mouth.

OFF TO LONDON.

Five chairs are arranged in a row. On the first chair is a white woolly dog or cat. On the second sits a small boy. His feet are thrust through the rounds of the back of first chair, and rest upon its seat. In his left hand he holds a trumpet, in his right he holds a strip of muslin as horse-lines, which crosses his left

knee and is carried along the left side of the line of chairs to the last one, to which it is tied. He has on a three-cornered soldier-cap with plumes at its point. On the third chair, sitting sidewise, feet over the side and resting on the rounds of the chair, is a little girl with a doll in her lap. On the fourth chair are several dolls in various postures. The fifth chair is placed with its back to the back of the fourth. Upon it stands a child whose left hand clasps the top of the chair. She has a flat hat on. Her right hand holds a toy balloon, which should be wired or tied to a stick so that it will remain motionless.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY IN A COUNTRY VILLAGE.

Two young girls in street costume standing together reading a valentine which they have just received. A boy of fifteen stands behind them peeping over their shoulders with a roguish look upon his face. To the left stands a young man dressed as a postman with bag hung from his shoulder and a package of letters in his hand. Directly in front of him stand two girls with an expectant look upon their faces and hands partly outstretched. The postman has drawn a missive from the package and is intently reading the superscription upon it. In front of this group and to the front of the stage stands a little girl with a disappointed look holding in her hand a comic valentine which she has just taken from its wrapper. To her right and at a short distance from her are two small boys watching her with their hands over their mouths, evidently trying to suppress their laughter.

PENANCE.

SCENE.

A very plainly furnished room.

CHARACTERS.

An Old Woman.—A Boy about twelve years old.—A Little Girl.

The boy, dressed in common, every-day garb, is seated upon a wooden chair, his feet twisted upon the rounds. The old woman stands behind the chair. She is dressed in calico frock, gingham apron, thick white muslin cap with broad frill, and white muslin kerchief pinned across her bosom. She has scissors and a comb upon the boy's head as if in the act of cutting his hair. He holds one of his hands to his head as if afraid of being hurt. The little girl, holding some childish toy, stands near looking at the boy with intent interest. A wooden stool beside the boy's chair holds a tin wash-basin, a large piece of soap, and a hair-brush. The old woman's expression is intent and determined, the boy's is unhappy and restless.

A FROLIC AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

An old lady, wearing cap and spectacles, sits in an easy-chair in the centre of the stage. She has her knitting in her hands. A young man, blindfolded, stands at the right side of the chair, and is reaching across the old lady in the attempt to catch a young lady who is on the left side of the chair. She is holding her dress back with both hands, so that he may not touch it. Her head is bent a little forward, and she is biting her lower lip. A second young man stands behind the chair. He has his left hand on the young girl's

shoulder. In his right hand is a handkerchief with which he is touching the head of the blindfolded young man.

HELD BY A THREAD.

A man in his shirt sleeves is seated in a chair, his hands resting, one on each knee, his head thrown a little back. A woman stands at his left side, in the act of sewing a button on the collar-band of his shirt. Her left hand is on the shirt-band, through which the thread has been passed; her right hand holds the threaded needle drawn out to the full length of the thread.

SWEEPING WOMEN OF MUNICH.

Two women in German peasant costume: short dresses which are tucked up around waists, showing petticoats. Small shawls around shoulders, crossed in front and tied at the back. Men's boots or shoes. One figure rests her left hand on her broom. With her right she is extending an open snuff-box to her companion, who is about taking a pinch. The latter figure has her broom under her right arm.

A MATTER OF OPINION.

An invalid lady, wearing a wrapper, is reclining in a large easy-chair. One foot is resting on a foot-stool. A physician, wearing professional suit of black, stands at her left side, feeling the pulse of her left wrist, which he holds in his hand. At the right side of the lady stands a small table on which is a plate of fruit. Just behind this table stands a second physician. He appears to have just drawn on a light overcoat, which he is button-

ing. He has an umbrella under his left arm. Physician No. 1 has a bland, satisfied expression as he looks up at the other, whose face is unpleasantly obstinate and dictatorial.

TOO BAD TO MEND.

An old cobbler sits at his bench. He is intently gazing at a shoe which he holds in his left hand. His right hand is extended, palm upward, toward a young girl who has brought him the shoe. His mouth is pursed up in a disdainful manner. The young girl wears a shabby, short dress. She has a shawl partly around her shoulders. Her gaze is mournfully fixed upon the cobbler, who has evidently just given his verdict of "Too bad to mend."

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

An old gray-haired man is seated in a parlor, with an open jewel-case in his hand. He has lifted a sparkling bracelet from the case and is offering it to his young wife. The wife, elegantly attired in evening costume, stands near the old man, but with averted face and a weary look of scorn upon it. She has one hand slightly extended toward him.

A YOUNG MAN'S SLAVE.

A young man, wearing dressing-gown and slippers, rests at ease in a reclining-chair, his feet elevated and crossed, resting upon another chair. He is holding a newspaper in one hand. His other hand is toying with a plate of fruit, placed on a small table beside his chair. His young wife, wearing a large working-apron, stands

near, with a man's boot drawn over her left hand. In her right hand she holds a blacking-brush, which just touches the boot, as if in the act of polishing it.

HALLOWE'EN.

A young girl is standing before a mirror which stands upon a table. There is also a pitcher on the table. The girl wears a short gown, loose sack, and slippers. In her right hand she holds a candlestick with a lighted candle in it. She is looking into the mirror with an earnest expression. Her left hand is raised as in the attitude of listening. Back of her and to her left stands a man in sailor garb, with both hands raised as if walking on tiptoe. He is trying to peep over her shoulder that she may see his face in the mirror. (During the showing of this tableau, a bell, hidden from view, may be struck twelve times to represent the midnight hour.)

ROCK OF AGES.

A box about two feet long, one foot wide, and one foot high is used as the base for a cross. The cross, which can be nailed to the back of the box, is about four feet high, and is made simply of two pieces of wood. If the cross-piece is placed slanting it is more picturesque. The cross is painted a pale-gray color, or is covered with muslin of that color. A young girl, dressed in white, of a filmy texture, with loose sleeves which fall back disclosing her bare arms, is seated on the front of the box, resting one knee upon the floor. Her back rests against the upright board of the cross, and her uplifted arms are twined about its arms. Her

drapery must entirely conceal the box. Her hair should be long and unconfined, falling about her as a veil.

Accompanying the tableau concealed persons should sing:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

This scene represents a sitting-room, containing a round table, on which two or three large shells are lying. By the table, with one arm resting carelessly on it, is a little girl. At her side stands a boy, holding with both hands a large shell to her ear.

HO! FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

Five children are seen. No. 1 faces the audience. The others stand likewise (at an angle of 45 degrees with front of stage, and about a yard apart) in a row, as though marching. All wear hats. No. 1 carries in her right hand an open umbrella; her left hand holds a watering-pot. No. 2 carries a doll in her right hand, and a satchel on her left arm. No. 3 grasps with both hands a hoe and a rake, which he holds over his right shoulder. No. 4 carries a base-ball in his left hand and a bat under his right arm. No. 5, dressed in a sailor suit, has his left hand in his pocket, and in his right hand he carries a little ship.

PROFESSIONAL PRIDE.

A boy dressed in very shabby clothes, torn stockings, and old shoes is seated on a shoe-box. On the floor, beside him, several boots and shoes are lying. His left arm is extended before him, his left hand thrust into a shoe, which is highly polished. His right hand, hanging at his side, grasps a blacking-brush. He is regarding his work with great pride, as is shown by the satisfied expression on his face.

A YOUNG MONOPOLIST.

Three boys are seated on a bench. The middle boy's hat is lying on the floor. He is holding a large piece of cake to his mouth. The other boys have their faces turned toward him and are wistfully watching him. They both wear caps. One holds the string of a toy engine, which is standing on the floor. The other has his hands folded across his lap. They all are dressed rather shabbily.

THE LITTLE GLEANERS.

This tableau represents a harvest-field. Straw is scattered about the stage. A child's express wagon is laden with straw, and upon it is perched a little child. Two boys hold the tongue of the wagon as if pulling it. Several other children of various sizes are grouped about. One holds a rake, as in the act of raking. Some are seated upon a heap of straw, and appear to be playing merrily. One has filled his hat with straw, and is holding it up with both hands. A lady stands at

one side (behind a fence and leaning upon it, if a fence can be arranged). She shades her eyes with one hand, as she watches the children at their play.

CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN.

This tableau shows a bright-looking room, in which pots of flowering plants form a conspicuous feature. In the foreground is seen a boy of about twelve, who is holding a flower-pot upside down upon the head of a little girl. From under the flower-pot vines and flowers are hanging about her smiling face. In her right hand, which is hanging carelessly at her side, she holds a doll by its arm.

"STUCK."

A large boy is seated upon a box. One foot rests upon some books, the other upon the floor. He is in his shirt sleeves, his coat lying on the floor beside him. In his left hand he holds a slate, which rests upon his knee. In his right hand is a long pencil, which he is holding to his lips. His eyes are upturned, and a look of puzzled thought is on his face.

A HOME PICTURE (IN TWO SCENES).

SCENE I.

An old man with white hair and whiskers, sitting in a large easy-chair, smoking a pipe. He wears a vest but no coat, and his shirt sleeves are turned back from his wrists. A little girl is sitting on his knee. She has both arms extended, hands half closed, with palms toward each other, as if in the act of catching flies. Near by

a table with white cloth and dishes and the remains of a meal upon it. An elderly woman is standing by the table, apparently in the act of "piling up" the dishes.

SCENE II.

Same room. Image of a dog on the floor, the old lady sitting by a spinning-wheel, with her hand upon the wheel as if spinning. A clock on the mantel-piece. The old man and child both asleep in the arm-chair, the child's head pillowed on his shoulder.

"DEAR GRANDMA."

An old lady is seated in a big arm-chair. By her side is a table on which a large cup and saucer are standing. Half sitting, half lying on her lap, with her feet touching the floor, and with her face toward the audience, is a little girl. Her arms are raised above her head around grandma's neck, and her eyes are raised lovingly to grandma's face, which is looking down into her own.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF AN OFFICE-BOY.

ANNOUNCEMENT I.

The "bright, active boy" who comes for an hour each Saturday to clear up the studio while the artist goes out sketching.

SCENE I.

A room with large picture standing on an easel, other pictures scattered about, a bust or two on table or floor. A boy of twelve or fourteen years of

age, rather shabbily dressed, reclines in the artist's easy-chair, with his eyes closed. One arm hangs carelessly over the arm of the chair, and one leg is crossed over the other in an easy, comfortable position.

ANNOUNCEMENT II.

The artist's boy obtains permission to go to his grandmother's funeral.

SCENE II.

A boy in shirt sleeves, and wearing large straw hat is enjoying himself with his fishing-rod and line. The look of intent interest upon his face makes it evident that he has a bite.

ANNOUNCEMENT III.

What he caught.

SCENE III.

The artist has appeared on the scene, and is holding the boy by the ear. The rod has fallen from the boy's hand, and he has a look of comic despair upon his face.

AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?

CHARACTERS.

A Boy about ten years of age.—Another several years older, and a Girl of twelve.

The smaller boy stands at the left; his hat is lying upon the ground near by. He has his right fist to his eye and his face is contorted with weeping. The larger boy stands at the right; he carries a box by its strap in his right hand. His left fist is clinched, and his angry face shows that he has been interrupted before he has had his fight out with the younger lad. The girl, in street costume, coat, hat, and muff, stands between the

two boys, her back toward the smaller, her face upturned to the larger, and with the forefinger of her right hand upraised she appears to be taking him to task for his ill-conduct.

THE NEWSBOY.

A street. A boy, shabbily clad, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm. A man, with hat on his head and umbrella under his arm, has just taken a paper from the boy, which he holds loosely, while from an open pocket-book he appears to be extracting a coin for payment, the boy standing with outstretched hand to receive it.

OPEN YOUR MOUTH.

Upon a pedestal or high stand is placed a marble bust. A large portfolio leans against the pedestal, and a footstool stands beside it. Near by is a chair on which is a big bowl. On the footstool stands a little child on tiptoe, with a large spoon held up to the mouth of the image. The child wears a long bib pinned loosely about its neck.

A FISH STORY.

Two young men, returning from a fishing expedition, carrying their rods over their shoulders, meet two or three friends and stop to chat.

Our tableau shows one of the sportsmen with hands extended at a distance apart of about two feet, while his companion with arms hanging by his side, carries a small string of diminutive fish.

"THAT'S YOU."

A ragged little urchin, carrying a bootblack's box on his left arm, holds in his right hand a chalk crayon, which is touching the finishing point of a crude caricature drawing of a human being. The drawing is shown upon a large slate or blackboard. The boy's face is fully turned toward the audience, and his lips are curved in a merry smile.

LOST IN THE CITY STREETS.

A man in policeman's uniform is holding by the hand a little child of three or four years of age in out-door garb, who is crying and rubbing her eyes. A newsboy with papers under his arm, a nice-looking old lady, a couple of finely-dressed young ladies, a man trundling a push-cart, a few business men, an old man carrying an umbrella, etc., etc., are on the street, some going up and some down. Nearly all of these are looking with interested faces at the little lost one.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

ANNOUNCEMENT I.

Uncle Theophilus Phipps suddenly recollects "those four youngsters of Jack's," for whom he has done nothing for some Christmases past. Happy thought! He will send them each an appropriate present.

SCENE I.

Uncle Theophilus in dressing-gown and slippers. One hand is slightly extended, the other is in his pantaloons pocket, as if feeling for his pocket-book.

ANNOUNCEMENT II.

Those four youngsters of Jack's wish that Uncle Theophilus Phipps's memory was as good as his intentions, and little No. Five, whom Uncle Theophilus Phipps has never heard of, thinks the world has all gone wrong.

SCENE II.

Four boys and one girl ranging in age from five to fifteen. Beside the largest boy stands a very small pair of boots. The boy is slightly bending over, measuring his foot by the boots on the floor. No. Two, with an amused expression, holds by the ends of the sleeves, and in full view of the audience, a small-sized shirt-waist. No. Three is a young miss, with one hand on her hip and the other raised, upon the thumb and little finger of which she holds a tiny glove. No. Four is a boy, with one hand in his coat-pocket and the other supporting his chin, while upon his head rests a small child's hat, several sizes too small for him. In the foreground stands No. Five, the smallest child of the group. He is crying, with both hands held to his eyes.

ASKING A BLESSING.

A little girl of three or four years of age, with a bib tied under her chin, is seated in a high chair at a table on which stands a bowl with a spoon in it. Her hands are clasped and her eyes are downcast.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN (SON).

A very small child is sitting on the floor with his head completely covered by a man's hat.

NAOMI AND HER DAUGHTERS-IN-LAW.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

NAOMI.—Black, loose dress of worsted, extending to the feet; girded at the waist by long, black sash of same, tied low and loosely in front; dress loose at neck, with narrow white edging; flowing head-dress of white, tied under chin with band of white; hair low on forehead; sandals on the feet.

RUTH AND ORPAH.—Long, loose, flowing dress of white muslin, looped at the side, showing feet and ankles; sleeves loose, showing arm to elbow. A pitcher of antique style suspended by strap from shoulder of each. Dresses cut away a little from the neck; feet either bare or sandaled; hair braided in the back, and fastened loosely.

FIRST TABLEAU.

Naomi stands in the centre of the platform, holding the right hand of Orpah, who has placed her left arm around the waist of her mother-in-law, and is in the act of kissing her farewell. On the left of Naomi, a little to the rear, on a low stool, sits Ruth in an attitude of grief.

SECOND TABLEAU.

Naomi's right hand is placed upon the left arm of Ruth, above the elbow; her left hand is placed around the waist of Ruth, who is standing with right arm about Naomi's neck, her left hand upon the right shoulder of Naomi; her head reposes upon the left shoulder of Naomi, and she looks into the latter's eyes with an expression of deep sorrow, while Naomi's face is filled with tenderness and pity as she gazes upon the countenance of Ruth. In the background, a little to the right, stands Orpah, looking back disconsolately upon the two.

Music, if any, should be sad.

Before presenting the two tableaux, an added interest would gather about them were the minds of the

audience refreshed by some one reading aloud the first seventeen verses of the 1st Chapter of the Book of Ruth.

JOAN OF ARC AT THE STAKE.

CHARACTER AND COSTUME.

MAIDEN.—Loose, white robe, wing-like sleeves, displaying arm; hair long, loose, and flowing over shoulders.

THE TABLEAU.

A large post in centre of stage, around which are piled fagots. Fastened to the post by means of a chain around the waist stands the maiden, with eyes cast upward, and the whole attitude that of exaltation. A strong red light suddenly thrown upon the lower part of the picture, from both sides, will produce the effect of ignited wood.

Music, if any, triumphant.

WINTER IN THE LAP OF SPRING.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

WINTER.—Black, loose dress to the feet, fur cap, white wig, and long white beard; dress flecked with bits of cotton, to represent snow; face full and florid. The part may be taken by a lady.

SPRING.—Trailing, loose dress of white, sleeves draped so as to show arm to elbow; scarf and sash of pink; long, flowing, yellow hair; sprays of roses and other flowers gracefully fastened on the dress; wreath of flowers on the head.

THE TABLEAU.

Spring is seated on a chair, over which may be thrown a covering of white or pink, upon which are scattered profusely sprays of flowers. She holds at her side a golden sceptre.

Winter is seated in the lap of Spring holding extended in his right hand a sceptre of black.

THE FLOWER (FLOUR) GIRL.

A HAPPY bright-faced little girl, carrying a basket of flowers, herself gaily decked with flowers.

A cook, with hands, face and dark dress daubed with flour.

ROGERS' GROUPS.

THE following and similar tableaux may be given from Roger's statuettes, or photographs of the same:

The Wounded Scout.

Coming to the Minister.

The Favorite Pupil.

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

BY careful attention to the matters of dress and light, very beautiful effects may be produced. Good ideas for these representations may often be obtained from Scriptural paintings, Bible Dictionaries, etc.

Jephthah's Daughter.

David with his Harp.

Selling of Joseph by his Brethren.

Solomon receiving the Queen of Sheba.

Jacob in the House of Laban.

SAM WELLER'S VALENTINE.

SAM, a rude, reckless sort of fellow, is discovered by his father in the act of writing a valentine or love-letter to his Mary. A short extract from "Pickwick Papers" descriptive of the scene should precede the performance.

FARMER'S KITCHEN BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

A WOMAN kneading bread, another paring apples, another churning butter, a little girl rocking the cradle, grandmother knitting, grandfather pointing with his cane to a nail upon which a large boy is trying to hang up the turkey, a boy with a basket of nuts.

SCRIPTURE TABLEAUX.

IN the following Scripture tableaux, read the Bible text, and if possible secure the aid of a reliable illustrated dictionary or Biblical encyclopedia:

Esther before King Ahasuerus.
The Ten Virgins.
The Prodigal Son.
Paul before Agrippa.
Departure of Hagar.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A DOMESTIC scene, in which the duties of the sexes are reversed. One man should be at the wash-tub; another paring potatoes and rocking the cradle with his foot. A woman should be reading the newspaper leisurely; another with pen over her ear, should be poring over some accounts.

GIPSY CAMP.

A HALF dozen characters of different ages. Kettle suspended from forked sticks over a fire. A Gipsy woman telling the fortune of a young maiden, reading the secrets from her open palm. The Gipsy man weaving baskets or mats.

SIGNING THE PLEDGE.

SCENE, a drunkard's home. Stool in center of stage. Drunkard kneeling upon one knee, face toward audience. Pen in hand, he signs paper lying upon stool. His eldest daughter is looking timidly over his right shoulder, her left hand resting upon him. On right stands a temperance advocate, inkhorn in hand. Smiling, he looks down upon the paper before the signer. On left center, wife kneels down. In one arm she holds her babe, her face upturned toward heaven. The boy has hold of his mother's skirt, looking at her with wondering eyes.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

THIS beautiful tableau may be represented in several ways.

A mother in dark dress, and child in white, kneeling upon crimson cushion with hands folded in attitude of prayer.

Or, a young lady in white, hair unbound, in attitude of prayer.

THE THREE FISHERS.

SCENE I.—The fishermen are accompanied to the shore by their wives and children. They leave with happy hearts, and bright anticipations of the day's rewards, and their safe "welcome home."

SCENE II.—The anxious mothers and children looking eagerly over the waters to catch a glimpse of the absent ones.

SCENE III.—Their dead bodies washed ashore by the angry surf, the mothers wringing their hands with grief.

ANNE BOLEYN'S REJECTION OF HENRY VIII'S FIRST GIFT.

CHARACTERS.

Anne Boleyn.—Lord Rochford (her father).

COSTUMES.

ANNE BOLEYN.—Robe of crimson velvet.

LORD R.—Velvet coat and knee breeches; silk stockings; pumps; lace frills, etc.

SCENE.

Anne Boleyn's chamber at Hever Castle. Only a portion of it is shown, therefore any very elegant furniture available will answer. A couch, or handsomely carved chairs, ottomans, footstool, screens, or a dressing-table with gilt glass, lace trimmings, tall gilt or silver candlesticks, jewel caskets, etc. Quantity of furniture will depend upon the size of the stage. It must not be crowded. Chair right—Anne Boleyn seated at left centre—three-quarter view to audience. Lord Rochford right centre, on one knee before her, profile to audience. He holds in his left hand an open jewel-case, and in his right a demi-crown, or circlet. His expression shows satisfaction and pride. Her whole attitude expresses repugnance and refusal—head turned aside, left hand raised to screen her eyes from the glare of the jewels, and right hand extended with vertical gesture.

The jewel is formed in a half circle pointed at one edge, like a crown, and may be made of pasteboard covered with gilt paper, and thickly studded with bits of colored glass or tinsel, to represent gems. A frosting of diamond dust will make it sparkle.

DISCOVERING A LEAK.

CHARACTERS.

Mistress.—Servant.—Servant's Mother.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

Ordinary kitchen furniture. A number of packages representing groceries; loaf of bread and pound of butter; old basket; long cloak and large bonnet.

SCENE.

The kitchen. Table centre, against rear wall, piled with packages. Servant's mother seated to right of it, wearing large bonnet and long cloak, and holding the basket, containing several packages, in her lap, in such a manner as to show it is carried underneath the cloak. Servant stands in front of table, a loaf of bread in her hands, which she is in the act of putting into the basket when arrested by the entrance of her mistress. Mistress in street costume, entering door left. Facial expression of all indicates surprise and consternation.

THE VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.

CHARACTERS.

The Post Mistress.—The Spinster.—The Young Girl.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

A square table; table cloth; fifty or sixty letters folded in old style and sealed; old-fashioned high-back chair; another chair; wooden stool—three-legged one if possible; placard with "Post-office" printed conspicuously at the top; an imitation counter; pens, ink, paper, and blotting-pads.

The scene is represented behind the counter. A door to rear left represents the post-office entrance, and in front of it is placed the counter. Upon it are pens, ink, paper, and blotting-pads. Underneath is a basket to

receive the drop-letters. Post-office notice hangs on rear wall. Should this part of the tableau be too difficult to arrange, or impracticable, it may be dispensed with and only the foreground scene used.

To the right of the stage place the table. At it is seated, on the high-back chair, the Post Mistress facing audience. Letters are piled and strewn over the table, as though being sorted; stool is partly pushed under the table in front; cloth awry and caught on it.

To the left of the stage place the other chair, sidewise; and, as though just having risen from it, stands the Spinster. She faces the Post Mistress, profile to audience. In her right hand she holds to the light (presumedly coming from window beside the Post Mistress) a sealed letter, which it is evident she is trying to read Her expression is important; shows effort and great eagerness, which is made more manifest by her rising partly on tip-toe. Between the Spinster and the Post Mistress stands the Young Girl, full face to audience One hand rests on the corner of the table, the other supports the uplifted arm of the Spinster, whose left hand rests against it. Her expression is of profound interest, eyes uplifted and parted lips.

The Post Mistress is turned facing the Spinster, three-quarter face to audience. Her left arm rests on the table, and the forefinger of her right hand is placed upon her lips, as though to enjoin secrecy.

Well adapted costuming will add greatly to this tableau, although any antique or striking country dress will answer. We suggest a cap and shawl for the Post Mistress, who should be represented as middle-aged; the Spinster, tall and slender; the Young Girl, short and stout.

THE DOUBTFUL BANK NOTE.

CHARACTERS.

Middle aged Man.—Old Woman and Child.

COSTUMES.

MAN.—Shirt sleeves turned back; butcher's apron and spectacles.

OLD WOMAN.—Old-fashioned scoop bonnet with cape; cloak; figured dress (waist and skirt of different material); check apron; skirts very short; white stockings and low shoes; basket and umbrella.

CHILD.—If a girl, plain chintz dress and doll. If a boy, colored shirt and suspenders; half length loose pants; express wagon or kite.

SCENE.

May be either a country store or a cobbler's shop. If the store—which will be most effective—it should contain a little of everything. Kitchen, store-room, and pantry may be rifled to furnish stage properties, and none of their contents rejected. It will be necessary to have a counter, or imitation one formed of tables and covered with a plain shade of muslin. On it should be scales, ball of string, and wrapping-paper. Place counter to rear of the stage—tubs, buckets, baskets, brooms, etc., stand on the floor. Rope, brushes, poultry, hams, etc., hang upon hooks. If arranged as a cobbler's shop, low wooden bench, with cobbler's tools, thread, wax, and a number of old shoes is all the stage furniture necessary. With either setting figures are arranged as follows:

Man stands at front centre facing audience. He is turned partly to left, as though to catch the light from window right, and holds in both hands, as if testing and carefully scrutinizing a five-dollar bank note. On his left, facing audience, stands the Old Woman, basket and umbrella in left hand held high as her waist; right

hand beyond the cloak, with open palm showing eagerness. Face uplifted to his with a most anxious and woe begone expression.

Child stands to right of the man gazing upward with childish curiosity, neglected toy in its hand. Adult figures present three-quarter view to audience. Child profile.

THE HEART'S RESOLVE.

CHARACTERS.

The Dame and the Maiden.

STAGE PROPERTIES.

Table, two chairs, and footstool (quaint old furniture if possible), pot of growing plants, piece of knitting, a very elegant white silk gown and pair of old-fashioned spectacles.

COSTUMES.

Scotch peasant's dress. Old Dame should wear the snood with white under cap showing round the face. The Maiden is in house dress without either snood or plaid. (They may hang upon the wall with good effect.) She should wear an apron of some plaid material.

SCENE.

Living-room of peasant's cottage. Table right; upon it the flower-pot and knitting. Large arm-chair left. Silk robe thrown across it. Another chair beside the table. Upon it is seated the Maiden, facing audience. Her right foot upon the stool and hands clasped upon her knee. Expression extremely sad, but very resolute. Old Dame stands slightly back of her, bending toward her with pleased look and persuasive manner. In her left hand she holds to view the sleeve

of the silken robe, and in her right the spectacles, as though just having taken them off after examining the dress.

Stage should be so arranged that the figures will be directly in the centre—close together. Right hand of the Dame touches the dress of the Maiden.

The following verse from the old Scotch ballad may be read by an unseen person while the tableau is shown:

A chain of gold ye shall not lack,
  Nor braid to bind your hair
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
  Nor palfrey frisk and fair.
And you, the foremost of them a',
  Shall ride on forest green!
But yet she loot the tears down fa'
  For Jock o' Hazeldeen.

THE UNION FOREVER.

A tall young lady, dressed to represent the Goddess of Liberty, stands holding a shield. A fair young girl, with flowing hair, dressed in white, and made to represent an angel, is printing upon the shield the words "The Union Forever." The lettering on the shield should be complete, exceping the last. The action should be that of printing the R.

If desired, a second scene may be produced with the R completed.

Patriotic music, red light from the front.

TABLEAUX.

The Artist's Dream.

Platform arranged to represent an artist's studio. A person attired as an artist, reclining upon a sofa or lounge, and a child dressed to represent a fairy, holding a wreath of laurel above the recliner's head.

Columbus Before Ferdinand and Isabella.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

Columbus.—Clad in dark Knickerbocker suit, over which is cast a long black cloak, thrown back from one shoulder; long stockings, low shoes, with buckles; ornaments and gold chains about neck and arms; black hat with plumes, in hand; hair thrown back from forehead; full beard and mustache.

Isabella.—Rich flowing dress with train; arms bare to elbows; crown upon head.

Ferdinand.—Knee breeches; long stockings; cloak of dark red, bordered with ermine; heavy ermine collar; ornaments worn on front of dress; low shoes with buckles; crown on head.

Two or three doctors, in long black gowns, close-fitting at neck.

Several lords and ladies in attendance, attired in costumes of the court; half a dozen persons painted and dressed as Indians and a dozen more to represent soldiers, will be necessary to complete the picture.

FIRST TABLEAU.

Ferdinand and Isabella seated on a double throne, which should be raised two or three steps.

Columbus should be kneeling upon one knee at foot of throne, hat in left hand, right hand placed on chest, head inclined forward, eyes dropped.

Doctors standing on left of throne, lords and ladies at right and in the rear; still further in the rear, soldiers, clad in armor and bearing flags, spears, and battle-axes

Indians with bows, arrows, and tomahawks, standing in a group near Columbus.

SECOND TABLEAU.

King and Queen may be standing, each extending a hand toward Columbus, indicative of favor. Red light from front, and martial music.

A PLEASANT ACQUAINTANCE.

CHARACTERS.

Young Man and Maiden.

Man brunette; maiden blonde; both attired in peasant costume. Attitude and expression indicative of much pleasure at meeting.

THE STOLEN BIRD'S NEST.

CHARACTERS.

A mother and two children—boy and girl.

Mother may be attired in neat plain garb; boy in printed shirt and knee breeches, feet bare; girl in cotton dress and pinafore.

Mother seated, holding in left hand a bird's nest, containing four or five small eggs; right hand raised, index finger pointing toward nest, with a look of sad reproach in countenance.

Little girl with head drooped and turned away and apron drawn over one side of face, as though hiding from the mother's gaze.

Boy holding large straw hat tightly against his side with both hands; face downcast and averted.

INNOCENCE.

CHARACTER AND COSTUME.

A little girl of twelve or thirteen dressed in white, with arms, feet and neck bare—hair hanging loosely about head.

The child should be seated in a chair, leaning forward with arms on small table, holding in loving embrace a white dove or pigeon—chin lightly resting upon the neck of bird.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

FIRST TABLEAU.

Before Taking the Pledge.

A bare, comfortless apartment. Man with seedy, torn garments and disheveled hair reclines in drunken stupor on floor or bench, with flask beside him. Seated upon a broken chair, with sad, pale countenance, and faded garments, is the wife, darning an old worn-out pair of stockings. Three or four ragged little children with unwashed faces and uncombed hair crouch beside her, looking cold and unhappy.

SECOND TABLEAU.

After Taking the Pledge.

Room tastefully arranged and comfortably furnished. Father seated by table in dressing gown and slippers, reading book or paper. Mother beside him, becomingly dressed and looking very happy, sits sewing in a rocker. The children, neatly attired and with faces brimful of joy, are having a romp in one corner.

THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

Two lads and two lassies dressed in old style, standing with their note books in their hands, their mouths open in a most sanctimonious manner.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

The old bachelor sits in his easy chair, a handsome fellow, in dressing-gown and slippers. To the right or left, and in the rear, should be placed the frame of a pier mirror, behind which his visions must glide. First his early love, the girl of twelve years; second, the country lassie of sixteen; after these, the soft-eyed Italian girl, the broad-shouldered Hebe of Germany, the fashionable city girl, and, finally, the woman of his mature love, in bridal dress and veil. At this point the bachelor starts up transfixed, the curtain drops quickly, and when it rises he too is standing behind the frame, in dress coat and suit, with the blushing bride, indicating by the attitude that the ceremony of marriage is about to be performed.

THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI.

CORNELIA.—*Roman matron's dress, white sandals; a small white tiara upon the head, under which the white hair is parted and drawn straight back in classic style.*

THE GRACCHI.—*Two boys of about ten and twelve years of age; they wear the Roman sacque belted at the waist, with low neck and short sleeves; legs bare; white sandals; curly white wigs.*

Upon a raised white platform sits Cornelia in an ample arm-chair, covered with white; she faces the audience directly.

Her right arm rests about the waist of the elder boy, who stands watching his mother, with his profile toward the audience. Cornelia's left hand encircles the waist of the younger boy, whose body is turned toward the audience, though his face is thrown off to the right, as if in the act of listening.

If music be introduced it should be martial or heroic music.

TWO BLIND BEGGARS.

TWO BEGGARS.—*Make up like old men; ragged clothes, old hats and crutches at side; card on each of their breasts with the word* BLIND *distinctly marked; tin cups in their hands.*

LADY.—*In handsome street dress; with purse.*

The beggars are seated side by side in centre of stage, a little back; their eyes are closed, their expression is piteous, and they hold out the tin cups toward the lady, who stands on right, opening her purse.

The second scene discovers the beggars sitting opposite each other, their eyes open, their placards thrown over their backs, and they playing cards. The trick lies on the stage, and one of them is in the act of picking it up with a cunning smile on his face. The other man holds his cards and looks annoyed.

Very sad music.

SNOW-BIRDS.

THREE LITTLE GIRLS *about six or eight years old, should be clad in winter dresses of dark material trimmed with fur; muffs, fur caps, and red stockings.*

The picture should present the snow-birds huddled together in a group in the centre of the stage. The dresses, which should be alike, must be amply flecked with bits of white paper, in imitation of snow. A clump of evergreens behind should be powdered with white cotton. Stage must be covered with white cloth.

Soft music, if any.

FLOWER FACES.

A green muslin curtain is hung to form the background for the flowers. Children's faces form the centres of the flowers. Holes are cut in the curtain just large enough to admit the heads of the children, who are so arranged that the different heads are seen at different heights to form a bouquet. Some can kneel, some can stand, some lie down, and some can be elevated on chairs or boxes arranged behind the curtain. Group the children as closely together as is practicable. The heads are thrust through the holes in the curtain, and flower petals of exaggerated size made of colored paper are closely fitted around the head of each child. Sunflowers, daisies, pansies, calla-lilies, buttercups, wild roses, violets, etc., can thus be represented.

UNDINE.

THIS tableau will be made most beautiful and effective if the following directions are observed. First, a frame, six feet by four, is needed. For unreal, misty effect, a double thickness of black gauze should be used.

Place a mirror at an inclination which you can determine by experiment. Cover it with one thickness of black gauze, surround it with water-plants, vines, ivy, —anything to make it appear a natural piece of water; let there be tall flowers at the back, like lilies and iris, and low trees of picturesque form to represent bushes. These you can get of any florist, in pots, and the pots can easily be hidden behind the mirror in the hollow platform. A bough of pine nearer the foreground can be easily introduced by nailing it to a screen. The background should be gauze of a subdued green, and lilies on the surface of the mirror, pinned to the gauze stretched upon it, will cast soft reflections. Have real flowers if in season, artificial ones if not.

The Undine should be slender and fair; her dress of diaphonous white; her hair long and wet, and dripping. From her hands drops of water falling may be represented by drops of crystal strung upon a hair or fine silk thread. Let a mild, suffused light shine dimly through the background, and let the cast light be placed at the left front corner of the picture, with a hemispherical reflector, and shining through a green glass. The reflection of the Undine in the mirror seems to make a movement with her own body like a fountain.

OPHELIA.

For Ophelia use the same stage appointments as for Undine, altering the character of the surroundings a little, to give it a wilder expression.

The right hand of Ophelia should be seen clasping hold of an overhanging branch as if for support—the body thrown forward, the gauzy-white drapery of the overskirt pulled to the right. Let the hair of the Ophelia be very dark, and her face very pale, and her figure tall, slender, graceful; her eyes must look at nothing, and the action of her hand seem automatic as she drops the flower at which she does not look. Here a hair or invisible silk must be used to hold the flower; fasten the hair or silk to the root of the middle finger, that the action of the finger tips may be unencumbered. For this character you must choose a woman with some dramatic talent.

Let there be no color in the picture but a dull green, and perhaps a little purple among the flowers; let the rest be white, and let the light in the background be extremely faint, and the cast light at the right-hand upper corner in front be very brilliant, and cast directly upon the upper portion of Ophelia's face and body, and let a parabolic reflector be used and no glass, but the light pure and simple.

A MONK IN HIS CELL.

A frame about four feet, six inches square—varying a little with the size of the actor—will be large enough for the next picture, a "Monk in his Cell" by moonlight, meditating upon a skull. The window used in this should be a latticed frame containing no glass, and there should be neither top nor foot lights used here. Every light should be extinguished but one to the right of the picture, which shines through the window; a parabolic

reflector should be used, the rays cast directly upon the white-hued cowl of the monk, and making a shadow on the wall. The light must shine through glass of a cold shade of green "cathedral rolled." The wall of the cell can be perfectly represented by a screen papered with that coarse, heavy, gray paper, rough in surface, used sometimes without wadding beneath carpets,—a very thick paper, very cheap, and of a stone-gray. The actor can easily find at a wig shop a wig to represent a shaven head with the monkish fringe of hair; the dress can be made of black and white flannel or serge; the table of unpainted pine, made at any carpenter's, oiled down into a dull tone or made of weather-stained plank; there should be a rough seat of the same. A skull can be procured at any medical college, or of almost any physician. This is one of the simplest of all the tableaux, and one of the most effective, if the light be well arranged and the air of mystery be given to the shadows

A NUN AT HER DEVOTIONS.

"A Nun at her Devotions" is one of the simplest of all. It hardly needs description. A background of dark brown gauze, very faintly lighted at the upper right-hand corner; a dress of black serge or stuff, with black veil and white coif; a crucifix and rosary,—these are the very simple materials needed. Let the light fall from the left-hand upper corner in front, and use the parabolic reflector. Choose your nun for the beauty of her eyes, the regularity and refinement of feature, and the elegance of her hands.

THE HARVESTERS.

"The Harvesters" is capable of very exquisite effect, if given with artistic sense and a judicious selection of actors.

It is by no means difficult, and of a most trifling cost. The frame is seven feet by five, or a little less. The stage should be at a slightly sharper inclination than for the tableaux heretofore set down, and in depth not less than fifteen feet, at which point two of the frames of the screen, covered with gray-blue gauze, should stretch across the entire stage. At least four feet behind that, hang a full curtain of gauze across, falling from the top to within three feet of the stage. Two or three feet behind this hang a curtain of cambric or thick cloth, coming within four feet of the stage. Several feet behind this have an absolutely opaque screen,—if convenient wood, otherwise paper,—which shall leave an open space of three or four feet above the stage across its whole length, and let the space behind it be very brilliantly lighted with lights shining through yellow glass. This will give you the effect of a sunset sky.

On your stage, at the back, set a bush—a wild bush, like a small thorn tree, or furze-bush. Cover your stage with cloth, flannel or velvet, of a dull old gold, or golden brown, to represent a reaped field. Let a sheaf of wheat be set here and there, at judicious distances, and your scene will be complete.

For actors, choose those capable of looking the part of French peasants,—not too slender in figure, rather muscular; let the complexion be, or be painted, dark, with color in the cheek. You may vary the group by placing behind the group of women a dark, muscular youth carrying a sheaf of wheat on his left shoulder, bareheaded and with black hair. His shirt, if white, should be of a yellowish, dirty tone, or it should be gray, open at the throat. The whole group must have the action of moving forward and singing as they go. Let

the light be cast from the left upper corner in front, through a yellow glass, and with the use of a hemispherical reflector the light will be diffused gently over the whole. The main light should be from the back, as if from the sunset.

THERE'S NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

The scene is a parlor.—Standing in the foreground is a young girl, simply dressed. In her left hand she has a rose, and holding out her right hand shows to her companion the scratches made by the thorns (a little carmine paint, put on with a fine camel's-hair pencil, makes very painless scratches). Her companion, a young man dressed as a mechanic's apprentice (a carpenter's, butcher's, shoemaker's or any other trade), is, with a look of sympathy, raising the wounded hand to his lips. Behind the young man stands his employer, with an expression of rage, raising a rope, as if about to strike the apprentice. He is not perceived by either of the young people.

In the background is a child, with a look of great glee, putting its fingers into a jar, marked jam, while the mother, behind the child, is raising her hand to box its ears.

SENT BY EXPRESS.

A trunk turned on its side, and a few coats or shawls placed upon it, form a bed for a sleeping child, dressed as for a journey. Several trunks and valises are standing near.

DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

In the centre of the stage place a wigwam or tent, made of poles and covered with dark blankets or other material suitable for the purpose. Within the tent a general air of desolation. An iron pot should be hung by a chain, from one of the poles, over the smouldering embers of a fire. A few half burnt logs placed upon a piece of sheet iron will produce the effect. Be careful, however, that the sheet iron is entirely covered. Upon a pile of skins (buffalo robes or almost any kind of carriage robes will answer), half reclining, is the form of Minnehaha, as though she had just expired. She should be dressed in full Indian costume, or, if more convenient, a blanket or other covering may be thrown over her. Her long black hair is tossed about and streaming to the ground. Crouching by her side is the figure of Nokonis. Let the face be painted to represent a very withered and wrinkled effect. Her dress must be far less rich than that of Minnehaha, and her attitude expressive of the most abject despair. Let her hands clasp her knees as though rocking back and forth and moaning. At the entrance of the wigwam stands Hiawatha, transfixed with horror, his hands stretched toward Minnehaha with an imploring gesture. He has just returned from his fruitless hunt, with bow and arrows, snow shoes, and full hunting costume. If the stage be large enough the effect of the whole may be greatly enhanced by placing a number of evergreen trees at irregular intervals, and scattering over them a quantity of picked cotton, to represent snow. A number of broken, leafless boughs should also be scattered over the ground, and the stage covered with a white cloth to produce the effect of snow.

AT THE STAKE (STEAK).

A rather corpulent young girl in chintz dress, with sleeves rolled above the elbows, large kitchen apron on, holds a fork upon which is a large piece of meat, toward her wide-open mouth as if about to eat it. A plate is standing on a table close by.

IN DISGRACE.

Half-a-dozen girls are seated upon benches in a school-room. Two of the girls are studying from the same book. Two others are holding a book between them, but one is whispering in the other's ear. In the foreground stands a girl with her arm across her eyes as if crying. Her book is in the hand hanging by her side. A girl seated on the bench nearest to her is trying to peep up into her face. The teacher stands at one end of the room with a frown upon her face.

BIRTHDAYS.

CHARACTERS.

Seven Young Girls.

As each is called by the reading of her couplet, she will come upon the stage and take her position, which she must retain without moving until the whole tableau is complete. The positions should be such that the seven will form a semicircle.

Born of a Monday,
Fair of face.

This character should have a very beautiful face, and she should be dressed simply in white.

Born of a Tuesday
Full of grace.

This character should be dressed in some very light, airy material, white slippers, and fancy cap. She should be very slight and graceful in figure, and should enter with a gliding movement. She may carry a fan, or tambourine, or guitar, or any graceful looking article. Her unemployed hand is extended in a waving position.

Born of a Wednesday
Merry and glad.

This character must have a merry countenance. Her hair is worn loose upon her shoulders. Her dress should be bright in color, and she wears a small round cap, matching the dress in color, set well back upon her head. She comes upon the stage skipping gayly.

Born of a Thursday
Sour and sad.

This character wears a dress of light gray, a Normandy cap, and a long apron. Her face is grim and unsmiling. She has a corner of her apron in her mouth and she is pulling at it in a petulant manner. She walks upon the stage with jerky, sullen movement.

Born of a Friday
Godly given.

This character should be dressed in the garb of some religious order of Sisters, as a nun, or Sister of Charity, the long veil draping her figure. Her face is serene and devout, and her hands are clasped. Her beads and cross should show plainly.

Born of a Saturday
Work for a living.

This character wears a working-dress, sweeping-cap, handkerchief knotted loosely around the throat, and big apron. Her sleeves are rolled above the elbows. She carries a long-handled sweeping-brush and a dusting-cloth. She enters with motion of sweeping.

Born of a Sunday
Never shall want.

This character must be dressed as richly as possible in silk or satin with jewels and other adornments of dress. A dress with a court train is desirable. An elaborate head-dress of feathers, lace, and jewels is worn.

(When the group is complete the following stanza may be read by the person who called the characters):

Thus runs the old rhyme
(You may trust it or not),
And to every child
It apportions a lot,
Which shall be good or ill,
Rich, gay, or forlorn,
In accord with the day
On which she was born.

SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

Illustrated by moving tableaux.

The characters will appear upon the stage and make their exit without any drop of the curtain.

"At first the infant mewling and puking in its nurse's

arms" is represented by an infant in long clothes carried in the arms of a woman wearing a dark dress, thin white muslin cap and apron. They enter slowly, pause at the centre of the stage, and face the audience for a minute or two, then pass slowly out at the side of the stage opposite entering point, while enters—

"The whining school-boy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school."

As this character, with hesitating, reluctant steps passes off the stage, enters "The Lover," a young man with eyes upturned and hand upon his heart, "sighing like furnace." As the lover departs the soldier enters with martial tread and with hand upon his sword-hilt. Upon his exit there comes in the middle-aged Justice, grown portly in body and serene of face.

Next comes the elderly man with spectacles on nose, and leaning on his cane. And last comes tottering age,

"Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

THE TEMPTED.

SCENE I.

A young man and a young lady, in full evening dress, are standing partially facing each other. She has a glass of wine in her hand, which she is offering to the young man. He has his right hand slightly raised as if to take the wine, yet his attitude shows some hesitation, as if he is inclined to refuse it. A little behind him, to his left, stands a man dressed as Mephistopheles in scarlet domino and mask. He is leaning eagerly toward the tempted one. On the right of the young man and a little behind him is a young girl, dressed to

represent a good angel, in a thin, white robe, and wearing a pair of gauzy wings. She, too, eagerly and wistfully watches the tempted youth.

SCENE II.

The young man stands with head erect and arms folded, having successfully resisted the temptress. The wine-glass, with its wine untouched, stands on a table near by. The young lady has turned away, only her back being seen. The evil spirit, in a crouching posture, is at a little distance, the good angel standing between him and the young man.

THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.

A young man, in the dress of a private soldier, is bidding good-bye to wife and home ere he is "off for the war." The wife, with her head bowed upon her right hand, is leaning that hand against the door. Her dress is a simple home costume. Her left hand, down beside her, is held in the soldier's left hand, his right resting upon her left shoulder. His face is eager and hopeful, hers is sad and tearful.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

The young soldier wears a captain's uniform in this scene. The wife, with a happy face, is looking up toward heaven as if in grateful prayer. Both her hands are clasped in his, and he looks lovingly into her upturned face.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A youth of about sixteen, in shirt sleeves, hair nicely combed, is holding a hand-glass in his left hand, while with the forefinger of his right hand he is feeling his upper lip.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

THE tableau represents the heroine of this popular verse standing to the right of the centre of the stage, with her face turned slightly towards the right, away from the young man, who stands beside her. Her right hand should be raised before her, as if putting him off. Her costume should be a Highland dress of plaid, or a blue skirt and white peasant-waist, with a scarf thrown over her shoulders.

The young man should stand at her left, and just in the act of putting his right arm around her waist, his left hand holding her left to his breast; while his head should be inclined forward, as if attempting to touch her cheek. He should be dressed in striped pants, white shirt, and Scotch cap. A landscape may form the background if scenery is used. Music, "Comin' thro' the Rye."

LISTENERS HEAR NO GOOD OF THEMSELVES.

THE scene is a parlor.—In the foreground are two young girls, one of whom holds a miniature out to the other, who puts it aside, with an expression of angry contempt. The first girl is laughing heartily, and pointing her finger at the second, as if teasing her about the picture.

Peeping out from behind a window-curtain is a young man, who, with an expression of perfect rage, is shaking his fist at the ladies in the foreground.

SPIRIT OF '76.

THREE GENTLEMEN AND THREE LADIES.

THIS scene forms a very fine domestic tableau of the Revolutionary epoch of '76, and may be produced with but little expense in the way of time and costuming. The principal figure of the group is a young man of about twenty-five years of age. He is represented as about leaving his family, who are seen busy in preparation for his departure to the field. He stands a little farther back than the centre of the stage, his right hand grasping a musket, with bayonet attached, which is extended towards him; his left resting upon the hilt of a sword, which is held towards him from the left. About two-thirds of his face is turned towards the audience, and he looks out towards the right with a determined expression upon his face. He is dressed in a dark uniform-coat of the period, with lace ruffles at the wrists, black vest with broad lace ruffles, black breeches, silk stockings, and buckle-shoes. The old man, his father, stands at his right, holding the gun towards him, the stock lying upon his left hand, while his right is upon the lock; and he looks at that part carefully, as if examining its condition. He is dressed in light-brown coat and breeches, dark vest, silk stockings and pumps, and a gray wig, with bald front upon his head. The young man's mother stands at his left, holding the sword in her left hand towards the son; while her right is raised above her head, and pointed upwards, as she looks at him with an earnest expression.

Her dress is of plain black material, with small white shawl over the shoulders, pinned at the waist, and cap

with ruffle upon her head. One lady kneels in front of the young man, holding the ends of a sword-belt, which passes over his shoulders, in her hands, in the act of fastening it. She is plainly dressed, with a large handkerchief over her shoulders, and her sleeves rolled up above her elbows. In this position her back is towards the audience. The wife of the officer is seated upon the left of the stage. She holds in her left hand a large white paper, at the top of which is printed or written in large letters the words, "Fourth of July, 1776." The left side of her face is turned towards the audience; and she looks towards the young man with a firm expression, pointing with her right hand to the paper which she is holding. Her dress is a gray or crimson silk, black lace shawl, and lace cap upon her head. A chair, holding a knapsack and hat, may be placed upon the right of the stage. The remaining characters are a young boy and girl, the children of the officer. The boy is seated in front of his father, a little to the left. He is engaged in pouring gunpowder from a paper into a horn which he holds in his lap. He is dressed in a black velvet frock, knee-breeches and gaiters. The little girl is seated at her mother's feet, her right arm upon her lap, and looking anxiously at her father. She should be of light complexion, with hair in curls, and dressed in short white-muslin dress, with low neck and short sleeves, and a blue-silk sash. As the curtain rises, a bright-red light should be thrown upon the group, changing to a white, and then to a bright-blue light, which remains until the fall of the curtain. The music is "Hail, Columbia," or some other national American air, played in a spirited manner.

"HOME RECREATIONS."

PLAYING GROWN-UP.

A little girl dressed in a long skirt is seated in a small rocking-chair, holding a doll. Another little girl in a long dress, shawl or cloak, bonnet and veil, and carrying a closed parasol stands at a short distance, and a little to one side, and appears in the act of bowing.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

This beautiful tableau may be represented in three or five scenes, and affords fine opportunity for dress effect.

Scene I.

CINDERELLA meanly clad, the sisters and Prince in costliest attire. One of the sisters is eagerly bent on forcing her foot into the slipper.

A very large shoe, which she has just vacated, is on the floor beside her. The other, her face and attitude showing keenest disappointment, has just put on her shoe. These shoes, while nicely made and in keeping with their dress, should be the largest that can be had. The slipper may be of white satin, small and handsome.

Scene II.

Cinderella, having begged permission to try on the slipper, has just seated herself, withdrawn her shoe and placed a dainty foot on the cushion beside the slipper. The sisters give her a scornful and reproachful look.

Scene III.

Cinderella, having put on the slipper, has just drawn from her pocket its mate. The sisters, bewildered and dumbfounded, have thrown themselves at her feet. This scene makes a fitting conclusion to the performance, and the next two scenes should not be attempted unless the appliances are at hand to make Cinderella Imagination's richest Queen

Scene IV.

The fairy has touched her clothes with the magic wand, and Cinderella has become a being of marvelous beauty. Her gorgeous splendor dazzles the eyes of the Prince. She helps her sisters to their feet, and shows, as before, no resentment for past insult.

Scene V.

Cinderella and the Prince, arm in arm, prepare to leave the stage, followed by the two sisters.

Note.—This may be represented with still better effect as a pantomime. Beginning with the entrance of the Prince, let all their movements indicate closely and vividly the current of the story. In this case the curtain need be closed but once during the performance, and should fall after Cinderella has put on the first slipper, drawn its mate from her pocket, and the sisters prostrated themselves at her feet. It rises upon the sisters still prostrate, unconscious of the Fairy's magic touch, Cinderella gorgeously attired and fully slippered, the Prince in blind bewilderment. The movements must be graceful and natural, and should receive much practice. Cinderella must be a model of gentleness, sweetness, modesty and grace throughout.

SCRIPTURE SCENES.

GENESIS XXIV.

THE following beautiful scenes may be given either separately, or as a series. Pictures representing these scenes may be found at picture galleries, art stores, and in illustrated Bibles, encyclopedias, etc. These will be of assistance in the matter of dress. The light must be carefully managed, so as to produce the very best effects:

Rebekah at the Well.
Giving Drink to Eliezer, Abraham's Servant.
Eliezer adorning Rebekah with ear-rings, etc.
Laban entreating Eliezer to come to his Home.
Eliezer giving the Message.
Laban and Bethuel consent.
Eliezer distributing Presents to the Family.
Rebekah interviewed.

Rebekah consents.

Departure of Rebekah.

Note.—The accompanying description may be read, either before the performance, or in connection with the representation of the several scenes. If the stage or platform be large enough, the performance may be represented with still better effect in pantomime. This will require much skill and grace of movement on the part of the actors. Just so much of the history should be introduced as can be easily reproduced upon the stage. It is not necessary to represent the camels or the water-trough, but the well, the tent, Eliezer's servants, with their packages of presents, the set table, etc., will, if properly represented, add much to the performance.

And Abraham was old, and well stricken in age; and the Lord had blessed Abraham in all things. And Abraham said unto his eldest servant of his house, that ruled over all that he had, Go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife unto my son Isaac. The Lord God of heaven, which took me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred, and which spake unto me, and that sware unto me, saying, Unto thy seed will I give this land; he shall send his angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife unto my son from thence.

And the servant took ten camels of the camels of his master, and departed; for all the goods of his master were in his hand; and he arose, and went to Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor. And he made his camels to kneel down without the city by a well of water at the time of the evening, even the time that women go out to draw water. And he said, O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee, send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water: and let it come to pass, that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou

hast showed kindness unto my master. And it came to pass, before he had done speaking, that, behold, Rebekah came out, and she went down to the well, and filled her pitcher, and came up. And the servant ran to meet her, and said, Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher. And she said, Drink, my lord: and she hasted, and let down her pitcher upon her hand, and gave him drink.

And when she had done giving him drink, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking. And she hasted, and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ran again unto the well to draw water, and drew for all his camels. And the man wondering at her held his peace, to wit whether the Lord had made his journey prosperous or not. And it came to pass as the camels had done drinking, that the man took a golden ear-ring of half a shekel weight, and two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels weight of gold; and said, Whose daughter art thou? tell me, I pray thee. is there room in thy father's house for us to lodge in?

And she said unto him, I am the daughter of Bethuel. We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in. And the man bowed down his head and worshiped the Lord. And the damsel ran, and told them of her mother's house these things. And Rebekah had a brother, and his name was Laban. And it came to pass, when he saw the ear-ring and bracelets upon his sister's hands, and when he heard the words of Rebekah, that he came unto the man; and behold, he stood by the camels at the well. And he said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without? for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels. And the man came into the house: and he ungirded his camels, and gave straw and provender for the camels,

and water to wash his feet, and the men's feet that were with him. And there was set meat before him to eat; but he said, I will not eat, until I have told mine errand. And he said, Speak on. And he said, I am Abraham's servant.

And now if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me; that I may turn to the right hand, or to the left. Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, The thing proceedeth from the Lord: we cannot speak unto thee bad or good. Behold Rebekah is before thee, take her, and go, and let her be thy master's son's wife, as the Lord hath spoken. And it came to pass, that, when Abraham's servant heard their words, he worshiped the Lord, bowing himself to the earth. And the servant brought forth jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gave them to Rebekah: he gave also to her brother and to her mother precious things. And they did eat and drink, he and the men that were with him, and tarried all night. And they rose up in the morning, and he said, Send me away unto my master. And her brother and her mother said, Let the damsel abide with us a few days, at the least ten; after that she shall go. And he said unto them, Hinder me not, seeing the Lord hath prospered my way; send me away that I may go to my master. And they said, We will call the damsel, and inquire at her mouth. And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, I will go. And they sent away Rebekah their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's servant and his men. And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, Thou art our sister, be thou the mother of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possess the gate of those which hate them.

WASHINGTON.

TABLEAU I. [WASHING.]

THE STAGE is arranged as a kitchen.—There are two benches to the right and left, upon them two tubs, and behind the tubs two women, dressed as Irish girls. One is rubbing a piece of cloth on the board, and the other wringing out a piece. In the background is another girl, carrying a basket of clothes out of the room. In the centre of the stage, between the benches, is a little girl, with a small tub and bench, washing, with a face of grave earnestness, a doll-baby's frock.

TABLEAU II. [TON.]

The scene is a parlor, handsomely furnished.—Rising from a sofa is a lady, dressed in a rich négligé, receiving two callers, whose walking-dress should be in the height of the prevailing fashion. A footman is leaving the room.

TABLEAU III. [WASHINGTON.]

This tableau, if arranged with taste, is very beautiful and effective. In the background, the middle, stands a high sideboard, upon which is a bust of Washington. Over it is draped a flag, the stars and stripes. Upon two chairs, one on each side of the sideboard, which should be covered with drapery, are two little girls, dressed in white, with blue rosettes and crimson sashes, who hold above the head of Washington a laurel wreath. In the foreground, two soldiers, in the Continental uniform, present arms to the conqueror.

The uniforms and bust can, if not owned by the per-

formers, be hired at a very trifling expense. This tableau is very effective, if well grouped.

"Hail, Columbia," or "The Star-spangled Banner," played slowly, adds very much to the effect.

A HARD SHAVE.

THIS tableau is represented by one gentleman, who is seated on a stool in the centre of the stage, at a small table. On the table is a small mirror leaning against a broken pitcher, and shaving materials. He is seated with his left side towards the audience, and looking towards the right at the glass. He should be in his shirt-sleeves, his chin covered with lather, his right hand with the razor just shaving the soap off, while his face wears an expression of great pain. He should have his right shirt-sleeve turned up, his left hand resting on his knee.

The effect depends upon the comic expression produced by the actor, and may be made very laughable. Music lively.

WATERING THE HORSES.

A small boy is driving two very small toy horses to which lines are attached. Near by stands a little girl bending under the weight of a large pail of water.

CARRYING THE CLOTHES TO THE WASH.

A little boy and girl, each about ten years old, are carrying a large clothes-basket in which is seated a merry-faced child of three or four years.

MAUD MULLER.

Let the stage be covered with loose hay, and stand several stacks at irregular intervals. Maud Muller should be represented by a young lady of petite stature and blonde complexion. Let her dress be of chintz, very simply made. A large shade hat is set jauntily upon her head and tied under the chin. A rake is in her hand, and a far-off, dreamy look in her eyes.

SECTION II.

SELECTIONS FROM TENNYSON'S "MAY QUEEN."

WITH TABLEAU ILLUSTRATIONS.

TABLEAU I.

A middle-aged lady, plainly dressed in dark colors, thin white muslin cap on her head, seated in a large rustic chair, represents the mother. A young girl, bright and beautiful, dressed in light muslin, a garden hat swinging on her arm, her hair long and unconfined, is standing beside the chair, and with her hand placed caressingly beneath her mother's chin, has lifted her face toward her own, and is looking gayly into her eyes. At a little distance stands little Effie, a child of eight or ten years old, in pretty but simple childish dress.

(*Reading to accompany Tableau I.*)

The May Queen.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a bright black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New Year.
To-morrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be
Queen o' the May.

TABLEAU II.

A pale young girl, wearing a warm-looking invalid's wrapper, is reclining in a large easy-chair, her hands clasped lightly. Her expression is very sad and far from resigned. She looks wearily toward her mother, who stands with her hand on the back of the chair, gazing down at her, with sorrow and pity in her eyes.

(*Reading for Tableau II.*)

New Year's Eve.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother
dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year.
It is the last New Year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no
more of me.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry
day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me
Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel
copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white
chimney-tops.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the
waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at
night;

When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bullrush in the pool.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now,
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New Year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

Tableau III.

The sick girl is reclining upon a lounge, dressed in a white wrapper, her head placed quite high upon pillows. The mother, seated in a chair at the head of the lounge, is bending over the invalid, and partially supporting her. The sick girl's eyes are looking far away, and a peaceful, happy expression is on her face. Little Effie stands near.

(*Reading for Tableau III.*)

Conclusion.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.

How sadly—I remember—rose the morning of the year;
To die before the snow-drop came, and now the violet's here.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

Yes, now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But Effie, you must comfort her when I am passed away.

Oh! sweet and strange it seems to me that ere this day is done
The voice that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? Why make we such ado?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And then to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

THE GIPSY FORTUNE-TELLER.

IN THREE SCENES.

(*Each scene may be used as a separate Tableau, if desired.*)

SCENE I.

A gypsy tent. It may be made of poles and covered with almost any material, white or dark Within there should be a fire. A real one may be made on sheet iron, or a very good imitation is produced by piling up a number of logs and placing lighted candles in the crevices, so that only the blaze is visible. Over the fire, suspended by a chain, is an iron pot and spoon. Just before the curtain rises a quantity of boiling water should be poured into the pot, so that the steam will be plainly visible. Stand two broken, backless chairs or stools at the entrance of the tent, and within there may be more chairs or stools, a heap of blankets, or anything giving a natural look of habitation.

Crouching over the fire, in the act of stirring the pot, is an aged crone. Near her is an old cane or stick. Seated at the door of the tent is a young and very pretty gypsy girl. Her hair should be very long and dark, and worn over her shoulders. Her dress is very gay and fantastic. The old gypsy, on the contrary, is in a rather dilapidated condition, low shoes, very much worn, her dress somewhat ragged, and her hair covered with a red handkerchief.

SCENE II.

Same as before. Enter to the left a young soldier in full uniform. With a start he seems suddenly to discover the girl, and exclaims:—

A gypsy girl! Well I do vow,
The Fates for once are kind.

(*To her.*) My pretty girl can you tell me now,
Shall I go home to find
That my love is true and waiting for me?

(*She.*) With silver cross my hand,
And then in the lines of your palm I'll see
The future you command.

Sybil, leave us (to the crone).

He crosses her hand with silver, and seats himself in the chair opposite her. She reads from his hand the following poem of Mrs. Hemans. (*Adapted for the purpose.*)

(*Making sign upon his hand.*)

I bind thee with a spell;
I sign thee with a sign;

(*Reads from his palm.*)

No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine.

And trust me, 'tis not that thy cheek
Is colorless and cold,
Nor that thine eye is slow to speak
What only eyes have told;
For many a cheek of paler white
Hath blushed with passion's kiss,
And many an eye of lesser ligh
Hath caught its fire from bliss;
Yet, while the rivers seek the sea,
And while the young stars shine,
No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine.

And 'tis not that thy spirit, awed
  By beauty's numbing spell,
Shrinks from the force or from the fraud
  Which beauty loves so well;
For thou hast learned to watch and wake,
  And swear by earth and sky,
And thou art very bold to take
  What we must still deny;
I cannot tell; the charm was wrought
  By other threads than mine;
The lips are lightly begged or bought,
  The heart may not be thine!

Yet thine the brightest smile shall be
  That ever beauty wore,
And confidence from two or three,
  And compliments from more;
And one shall give, perchance hath given,
  What only is not love—
Friendship, O, such as saints in heaven
  Rain on us from above.
If she shall meet thee in the bower,
  Or name thee in the shrine,
O, wear the ring, and guard the flower—
  Her heart may not be thine.

[*Both rise.*]

Go set thy boat before the blast,
  Thy breast before the gun,
The haven shall be reached at last,
  The battle shall be won;
Or muse upon thy country's laws,
  Or strike thy country's lute,
And patriot hands shall sound applause

And lovely lips be mute;
Go, dig the diamond from the wave,
The treasure from the mine,
Enjoy the wreath, the gold, the grave,
No woman's heart is thine!

I charm thee from the agony
Which others feel or feign;
From anger and from jealousy,
From doubt and from disdain;
I bid thee wear the scorn of years
Upon the cheek of youth,
And curl the lip at passion's tears,
And shake the head at truth:
While there is bliss in revelry,
Forgetfulness in wine,
Be thou from woman's love as free
As woman is from thine.

SCENE III.

A room rudely furnished. To the right of the stage is seated an old fisherman with his nets on the floor beside him. To his left is seated his wife in plain dress, with large white cap and apron. She has sewing in her lap, and he is in the act of threading her needle. To the left of the old lady, but somewhat out of the direct line, is a small divan or sofa. A young lady and gentleman are seated upon it, the lady considerably in front, so as to hide him as much as possible. The gentleman is in the act of kissing her hand. She holds it toward him, but points warningly to the old couple. While the old lady is seemingly as intent upon the threading of the needle as her husband, she is looking slyly over

at the pair on the sofa. Great care should be taken to get the expression correctly.

Coming in at the door is the same young soldier, with a look of dark jealousy upon his face.

It is well to vary the complexions of the gentlemen. Let the soldier be a very dark brunette.

LITTLE GRETCHEN.

[An illustrated story.]

(*Reading.*)

Little Gretchen, little Gretchen,
  Wanders up and down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair,
  The frost is at her feet.
The rows of long, dark houses
  Without, look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam,
  By the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses,
  The wind is from the north,
But no one cares for Gretchen,
  And no one looketh forth.
Within those dark, damp houses
  Are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out
  The old year's latest night.

With the little box of matches
  She could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle
  The wind blows every way,

She clingeth to the railing,
  She shivers in the gloom.
There are parents sitting snugly
  By firelight, in the room;

And children with grave faces
  Are whispering one another
Of presents for the New Year,
  For father or for mother.
But no one talks to Gretchen,
  And no one hears her speak,
No breath of little whispers
  Comes warmly to her cheek.

[*Curtain rises to show tableau.*]

A street scene. Cotton may be scattered around to represent snow. A little girl, in scanty clothing, worn-out shoes tattered shawl, and old hood, is leaning against a wall, as if for protection against the wind. Her basket of matches is strapped across her shoulder, and hangs by her side. (After a few minutes the curtain falls, and the reading is resumed.)

Her home is cold and desolate;
  No smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread,
  And an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle
  Where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her,
  For warmth, her little feet;

And she looketh on the cold wall,
  And on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars
  Are bright fires up on high.
She hears a clock strike slowly
  Up in a far church tower,

With such a sad and solemn tone,
Telling the midnight hour.

As the curtain rises, a bell may be struck twelve times. The second tableau reveals the little girl crouched down on the floor with her feet curled up under her, and her eyes looking upward. While this tableau is being shown the following stanzas may be read:

And she remembers her of tales
Her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle-songs she sang,
When summer twilight fell;
Of good men and of angels,
And of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger,
When winter was most wild;

Who was poor and cold and hungry,
And desolate and lone;
And she thought of how the song had told
He was ever with His own.
And all the poor and hungry,
And forsaken ones are His—
"How good of Him to look on me,
In such a place as this."

[*Curtain falls.*]

(*Reading.*)

Colder it grows and colder,
But she does not feel it now,
For the heavy pressure at her heart,
And the weight upon her brow;
But she softly struck one little match
On the wall so cold and bare,

That she might look around her
  And see if He were there.

The single match has kindled
  And by the light it threw,
It seemed to little Gretchen
  The wall was rent in two;
And she could see folks seated
  At a table richly spread
With heaps of goodly viands,
  Red wine and pleasant bread.

TABLEAU.

A table handsomely spread, at which are seated several persons (among them some children) in the act of eating. One holds a cup to his mouth, another holds knife and fork as if cutting meat, etc., etc.

(*During the tableau the reading continues.*)

She could smell the fragrant savor,
  She could hear what they did say,
Then all was darkness once again,
  The match had burned away.

[*Curtain falls.*]

She struck another hastily,
  And now she seemed to see
Within the same warm chamber,
  A glorious Christmas tree;
The branches were all laden
  With things that children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden,
  She saw them with glad eyes.
And she almost seemed to touch them,
  And to join the welcome shout,
When the darkness fell around her,
  For the little match was out.

TABLEAU.

The table of preceding tableau still standing. Near it is a handsome Christmas tree, around which several little children stand, with merry, happy faces.

(*Reading is resumed after the curtain falls on this tableau.*)

Another, yet another,
  She has struck; they will not light,
Till all her little store she took
  And struck with all her might,
And the whole, dreary, wretched place
  Was lighted with the glare,
And she dreamed there stood a little child
  Before her in the air.

And he pointed to the laden board,
  And to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said:
  "Will Gretchen come with me?"
And she folded both her thin white hands
  And turned from that bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said:
  "With Thee, with Thee, O Lord!"

In her scanty, tattered garments,
  Lying prone upon the ground,
In the chilly winter morning,
  The little girl was found.
They lifted her up tenderly,
  They shuddered as they said:
"It was a bitter, bitter night.
  The child is frozen dead."

TABLEAU.

A lady, dressed in winter costume, kneels beside Gretchen, whose head rests upon her lap. A man stands bending over the child as if to lift her up. Two or three other persons, at a little distance, are gazing at the scene.

LIFTING THE VEIL.

A Reading Illustrated by Tableaux.

O Time! kind Time, you've brought thus far
  Full many gifts to me;
And yet my heart is not content;
  I would the future see.

Of coming ill let me be warned,
  Of future joy be told,
A look into my coming life
  Do not, O Time! withhold.

Now, for a brief space draw aside
  The veil which hides from view
The scene which next I enter on.
  Grant this, I beg of you.

Ah! yes; I see you grant my wish,
  Although you gravely scan
My face, and whisper earnestly,
  "This is not Nature's plan!"

The curtain moves. Soon I shall know
  What I have tried to guess.
Be still, my throbbing heart, and learn
  Thy future blessedness.

TABLEAU I.

A young girl, dressed in white, is seated facing the audience. She has loose flowers in her lap, and a pink rose, at which she seems to be looking, is held in her right hand. A young man stands at her left side, with his side-face to the audience. He holds her left hand in both of his, and he is gazing earnestly at her face.

Lo! this is what is planned for me,
This joy—which many miss,
To truly love and be beloved!
I've dreamed, sometimes, of this.

(*Curtain falls.*)

But let me see, oh! let me see,
If we in truth are wed!
I'd gaze again on him and me
While mutual vows are said.

TABLEAU II.

This is a wedding scene. Couple in bridal attire; the gentleman clasps the lady's right hand. Just back of the bride stands her bridesmaid. Beside the gentleman stands his groomsman. Several guests are standing near.

(*The "Wedding March" may be played while this tableau is shown.*)

(*Curtain falls.*)

Two happy scenes! No need as yet,
O Time! for mortal fears,
Draw back the curtain once again,
Disclose more coming years.

TABLEAU III.

Domestic scene. Covered table in middle of platform; books and papers scattered on it, lamp in the middle. Lady at one side of table with fancy work in hand. Gentleman at other side of table apparently reading aloud from book or paper. Two little children in view, busy with books and games.

And still my joyous life moves on?
'Twas surely well to ask.
So know my joy. Nay, Time, grieve not
O'er such a pleasant task.

(*Curtain falls.*)

Now let me look on changes all
Which come and go to me;
I am so happy still, that naught
Of ill can I foresee.

Tableau IV.

Lady dressed in mourning; face buried in hands. One child stands on right side with arm around her neck; the other at her knee looking up at her hidden face.

What is this picture that I see?
Has trouble come to me,
That thus my little children stand
In sorrowing sympathy?

What was your whisper sad and low?
What were the words you said?
My mother! Oh! I cannot think
My mother, dear, is dead!

Oh! veil the scene! nor let me see
Myself so bowed with woe.
How can I ever, ever feel
More happiness below?

(*Curtain falls.*)

Is grief so very near to joy?
Can joy live after pain?
And yet, methinks, I hear you say,
Time soothes the heart again.

Once more the curtain moves. I fear,
  I dread to gaze again.
It may be that a view as sad
  Will fill my heart with pain.

TABLEAU V.

A middle-aged lady is seated in a low easy-chair, smiling at a young man in front of her who is showing an unrolled diploma. At her side stands a young lady, who has her arm passed lovingly across her mother's shoulder, while she looks proudly at her brother. Near the group stands the father, a middle-aged man. His hat is held in his hand, and a light overcoat is thrown across his arm.

I have been comforted by Time;
  I see my peace returns;
And after many weary sighs
  The heart its lessons learns.

(*Curtain falls.*)

And must I look yet once again?
  Ah! yes; I willed it so,
Impatient for the happy scenes,
  I dared the whole to know.

TABLEAU VI.

An old lady sits alone. She is dressed in mourning, wearing a widow's cap. She holds some knitting-work in her partly uplifted hands. Her head rests on the back of a chair standing beside her, and she gazes into the distance.

A widow's cap, a vacant home!
  A new and awful phase!
And now I sit alone and wait
  The ending of my days.

(*Curtain falls.*)

I've seen my coming life portrayed.
  I've naught unknown to dread;
But neither have I aught to hope;
  Both hope and fear are dead.

Oh! better far is Nature's plan,
  To veil our future years,
And day by day renew our strength,
  To bear life's joys or tears.

THE BEGGAR-MAID AND KING COPHETUA.

[From Tennyson.]

Her arms across her breast she laid;
  She was more fair than words can say;
Barefooted came the beggar-maid
  Before the king Cophetua.
In robe and crown the king stept down
  To meet and greet her on the way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
  "She is more beautiful than day."
As shines the moon in clouded skies,
  She in her poor attire was seen;
One praised her ankles, one her eyes;
  One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
  In all that land had never been;
Cophetua sware a royal oath:
  "This beggar-maid shall be my queen."

TABLEAU.

A young girl, beautiful in face and figure, represents the beggar-maid. She wears a plain, dark gown, made loose from shoulders to feet, but confined at the waist by a cord. Very wide loose sleeves fall back to disclose her arms, and the neck of the dress is left open in front in a V-shape. Her hair hangs loose.

Cophetua is represented by a tall, fine-looking young man. He wears drapery of scarlet or purple, arranged loosely about him. He appears to be drawing the beggar-maid toward him with one hand, while in his other he holds a crown (made of pasteboard, covered with gilt paper) above her head, as if about to crown her with it.

THE PARSON'S FEE; OR, THE BAG OF BEANS.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

YOUNG MAN AND MAIDEN.—Each in dress of a country rustic, complexions ruddy and healthful.

PARSON.—In suit of black, plain and somewhat worn.

THE TABLEAU.

Parson seated near a table containing books and writing materials, gazing with a surprised and pleased look upon the maiden, who has dumped upon the floor what may be supposed to be a bag of beans, as a fee for the marriage ceremony. The young man stands at the left, a little in the rear, looking on with a boorish, bashful air; face of the girl, bashful, but happy.

Music, if any, lively.

The following poem should be read to the audience just previous to the production of the tableau.

WEDDING FEE.

One morning, fifty years ago—
When apple trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spell-bound with the perfume rare—
Upon a farm horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-brown youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies,
But bluer were that maiden's eyes!
The dew-drops on the grass were bright,
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath each long-fringed lid
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid;

Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,
Where, almost strangled with the spray,
The sun, a willing sufferer, lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen;
And with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so,
And she, without the least surprise,
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes—
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man.
She drew that dear face to her own,
And with a joy but rarely known,
And by that bridal bonnet hid—
I cannot tell you what she did.

So on they ride, until among
The new-born leaves with dew-drops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out—a more than welcome sight.
Then, with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do?" he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?"
And glancing down his eyes surveyed
The pillow-case, before him laid,
Whose contents, reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joys for them.

The maiden answers: "Let us wait;
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from his horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchless gate behind him swung;
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household, pale with fright,
And there, with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And as the parson nods, he leans
Far out the window-sill and yells—
"Come in. He says he'll take the beans!"
Oh! how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground.

Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious product of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day,
When man and wife they rode away;
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland scenes:
"God bless the priest of Watsonville!
God bless the man who took the beans!"

DISCONTENTMENT.

TABLEAU.

[Two little girls, eight or ten years old, should be placed at each end of the stage. Dress one for dish-washing, with a very large apron, and give her a towel and a plate, while other dishes stand on a table before her. She should look very sober, and say, monotonously]—

"When I work in the house I always say,
How I'd like to toil out of doors all day!"

[The little girl at the other end of the stage should be dressed for garden work, with fingerless gloves, and a very large hat. She should be surrounded by plants and have a hoe and rake in reach, and a trowel in her hand. She should say, in the same tone of voice as the other girl]—

"And when they send me to weed the flowers
The day seems made of a hundred hours."

THE DUDE.

Tall, slender person, dressed in very close-fitting pantaloons and coat; standing collar or piccadilly; eye-glass to one eye, attached by string to buttonhole of coat; cigarette daintily held in one hand; cane fastidiously held in the other; Derby hat; tight shoes with pointed toes, and very close-fitting gloves; arms held outward. A second person in common-sense attire should walk about the dude surveying him with wonder and curiosity and reciting the following poem, excepting the last stanza, when the dude expresses himself:

Tell me, O paradox inscrutable!
With features rigid and immutable,
How shall I find for thee a suitable
Cognomen?

With elbows bent and slightly elevate,
With fingers willowy and invertebrate,
As through the street thou dost perambulate,
What art thou?

That hat with curliest of curly brims,
Those gorgeous eye-glasses with golden rims,
That painful springhalt in thy lower limb;
What mean they?

That visage vacuous, that stony stare,
That fearful and wonderfully banged hair,
That very haughty and disdainful air,
Whence they come?

Archetype art thou of the toys of Crandall,
With rivet joints and with wooden handle,
Turned loose upon the town by some rude Vandal,
Or art thou not?

Or hast thou left some wax-work exhibition
In a bereaved and comfortless condition,
Because the niche where once thou took'st position
Is vacant?

A model from the region of old clo'ses,
Stiff with long standing in the halls of Moses
In tiresome and uncomfortable poses?
Or if not, what?

"Excuse me—er—Did you—er—speak to me?
Ah! weally, now; how jolly! Ah! dea me;
Who am I? er— Why, dea me, don't you see?
I am a dude."

TABLEAUX FROM HIAWATHA, WITH READINGS.

BEAUTIFUL tableaux may be made from Longfellow's Hiawatha, introducing each picture with a reading descriptive of character and scene. A few are here mentioned, to which others may be added if desired:

PART I.

INFANCY AND CHILDHOOD.

Readings from Book III.

1st Reading.—Part relating to the Indian's home.
Tableau—The Wigwam of Nokomis.

2d Reading.—Parts relating to the care of Hiawatha by Old Nokomis.
Tableau—Hiawatha's infancy. (Rocked in cradle by Nokomis.)

3d Reading.—Parts relating to the making of the bow and arrow by Iagoo, and the walk of Hiawatha in search of game.
Tableau—Hiawatha's Hunting.

4th Reading.—The concealment in the alder bushes.
Tableau—The Ambush.

5th Reading.—Part relating to the shooting of deer.
Tableau—The Fatal Shot.

6th Reading.—Part relating to the return and welcome home.
Tableau—The Hunter's Return.

PART II.

THE WOOING.

Readings from Book X.

1st Reading.—Counsel and warnings of Nokomis.
Tableau—Sage Advice.

2d Reading.—The Arrow-maker's home and description of the Arrow-maker and his daughter.
Tableau—Tent of the Arrow-maker.

3d Reading.—The arrival of Hiawatha.
Tableau—The Lover's Advent.

4th Reading.—Hiawatha's entreaty for the hand of Minnehaha.
Tableau—The Lover's Appeal.

5th Reading.—The departure of Hiawatha and Minnehaha and the reflections of the Arrow-maker.
Tableau—The Departure of the Lovers.

6th Reading.—The journey homeward and arrival at lodge of Nokomis.
Tableau—The Arrival Home.

PART III.

THE FAMINE.

Readings from Book XX.

1st Reading.—The general devastation caused by famine and fever and their appearance in the wigwam.
Tableau—The Approach of Famine and Fever.

2d Reading.—Hiawatha's unsuccessful search for food and his prayer.
Tableau—The Husband's Prayer.

3d Reading.—Last words of Minnehaha and her call to Hiawatha.

Tableau—The Death Scene.

4th Reading.—The return of Hiawatha and his expressions of grief.

Tableau—The Husband's Lament.

5th Reading.—The burial, the lighting of the fire, and the farewell.

Tableau—The Husband's Farewell.

With appropriate costume and scenery, which can be secured with little expense, the above named pictures can be made very beautiful. Attention should also be given to the proper effect of light. Harmless preparations for different colored lights with instructions as to their use can be purchased of the druggist at a nominal sum.

Suitable music will also add greatly to the fuller enjoyment of the pictures.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

(*Reading and Tableaux.*)

A baby was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping;
For her husband was far on the wild, raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling;
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me!"

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee.

"Oh! blest be that warning,
Thy slumber adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee!

"And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me!
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

TABLEAU I.

A woman, plainly dressed, is kneeling beside a cradle. In one hand she holds a rosary; the other rests lightly upon the side of the cradle. Her face is slightly upturned, and wears an earnest expression.

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee."

TABLEAU II.

A man, in sailor's garb, has entered, and the woman, with glad looks, both her hands clasping one of his, appears to be drawing him toward the cradle. His other hand rests upon her shoulder, and he looks lovingly down into her face.

"SONG OF THE SHIRT."

(*Reading.*)

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime;

Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand!

Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream!

TABLEAU.

A middle-aged woman and her fair young daughter, dressed in extremely plain, dark dresses, are seated on wooden chairs in a dismal, dreary-looking room. A small, uncovered wooden table, on which is a lighted lamp, completes the furniture of the room. The mother is engaged at her sewing, her needle poised for a stitch. The daughter is asleep, her head laid on her arm, which rests on the table. Her long, fair hair is loose, making a veil about her shoulders. Both mother and daughter are pale and weary looking.

Artificial means may be used to make the faces pale with dark shadows about the eyes.

THE HEROISM OF ELIZABETH ZANE.

(*Reading.*)

During the Revolutionary War, Fort Henry, an American border outpost, was suddenly attacked by a band of Indians, under the leadership of a noted Tory. The Indians numbered about five hundred, while the

garrison of the fort numbered but forty-two, and of these, thirty were caught in an ambush outside of the fort and slain early in the siege. But twelve men were left to hold the fort. These fought bravely to protect their wives and children, but soon their small stock of powder in the fort was almost exhausted, and but a few charges remained to each man. Some sixty yards outside the fort stood a house which had not yet been approached by the Indians. The Colonel knew that in that house there was a keg of gunpowder, but he had not the heart to order any man to go to almost certain death in an attempt to get the powder. But it was the only hope, so, at length, he stated the case. Several young men volunteered, but only one could be spared. While they were generously disputing among themselves for the perilous errand, Elizabeth Zane, a girl of seventeen, came to the Colonel and begged that she might be allowed to go. "I can be better spared than one of the men, should the errand fail," she insisted, and at length, despite their expostulations, she gained her point. When all was ready the gate was opened, and Elizabeth walked rapidly across the open space toward the house where the powder was stored. The Indians watched her curiously, but did not interfere with her. She reached the house, secured the keg in a table-cloth tied around her waist, and started back. But now the Indians suspected her errand, and as she flew swiftly along a shower of bullets and arrows were sent after her. But not one touched her. Unharmed she passed through the deadly fire, and bore her prize in triumph inside the gate. The little garrison, with this addition to their ammunition, was enabled to hold out until relief came, and thus a girl's courage saved the fort.

TABLEAU.

A young girl with flowing hair, dressed in plain gray dress, cut square neck, and with elbow sleeves. A white cloth tied round her waist, the ends gathered tightly in her left hand, is distended as with a keg of powder. She is looking back over her left shoulder, with wide, frightened eyes, but a resolute look about her mouth. Her body is bent slightly forward, and her feet are in the posture of rapid walking.

"THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT."

I.—READING.

The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
  This night his weekly moil is at an end;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
  Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And, weary, o'er the moor his course does homeward bend.
  The expecting wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

TABLEAU.

Central figure, a man in common clothes, with little one on his shoulder, holding it on with one hand. The other hand clasps a small girl, looking up into her father's face. On the other side of the man is a larger boy dragging a spade and carrying a hoe, etc., over his shoulder. A happy expression on all the faces.

II.—READING.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in
  At service out, among the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
  A canny errand to a neibor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jennie, woman-grown,
  In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a bran new gown,
  Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

. . . . . .

The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
  Gars auld claes look amaist as well 's the new.
The father mixes a' wi' admonition dea.

TABLEAU.

Mother, with needle and shears, is making over old clothes. The three small children who were in the tableau sit playing together. The three boys at service wear coarse clothes. Jenny, "woman-grown," is showing her mother a "bran new gown." Father, with infant on his knee, is apparently advising the boys. All seem to be enjoying themselves.

III.—READING.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
  Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neighbor lad cam o'er the moor,
  To do some errands, and convoy her hame;
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
  Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek.
  . . . . . .
Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
  A strappin' youth, he takes the mother's eye.

TABLEAU.

Same as second, only Jenny brings in a strapping youth, bashful and grave. Mother looks rather pleased. All eyes are fastened on "youth." The three little ones, half hiding behind each other, hit one another, and laugh unseen by elders.

IV.—READING.

But now the supper crowns their simple board.
  The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The soupe their only hawkie does afford,
  That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood.

TABLEAU.

All seated round a table on which is a huge dish of porridge, a big pitcher of milk, and some cheese. Each has a bowl and spoon. Father sits opposite mother, Jenny side of mother, and "youth" side of Jenny. A cheerful supper-scene. Mother is pressing "youth" to have some cheese.

V.—READING.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "Let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim,
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyr's," worthy of the name.

[If thought best, read the rest of this stanza and the next two of the poem. It is found complete in any collection of Burns' poems.]

TABLEAU.

All sit in a wide circle, father, with a large Bible, others listen attentively. It will add to the impressiveness for a stanza of "Dundee" to be sung.

VI.—READING.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing"
That thus they all shall meet in future days;—
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear;
Together hymning their Creator's praise
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.
Compared with this, how poor religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
Where men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart.

TABLEAU.

All are kneeling; father, with clasped hands and uplifted head, prays; the heads of the rest are bowed.

[Much of the beauty of these tableaux depends on the grouping. If possible, have all dressed in Scotch costume. Red light thrown on the first four tableaux, and red, white, and blue on the last two, add much to the effect.]

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

SCENE I.

A boy ten or twelve years old, coat and hat on, trousers turned up above the ankles, books and slate under his arm, left hand in his pocket. A look of shame is on his face, and his eyes are cast down. By his side a little girl in hood and cloak, apron showing below the cloak, carrying a school-satchel. Her right hand is laid caressingly on his shoulder, the left is nervously fingering her apron. A look of loving pity marks her countenance.

(*Reading.*)

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
  The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the tremble of her voice
  As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
  I hate to go above you,
Because"—the brown eyes lower fell—
  "Because, you see, I love you."

SCENE II.

An old man, wrapped in deep thought, seated in an arm-chair, one hand supporting his head, his elbow resting upon a table.

(*Reading.*)

Still memory to a gray-haired man
  That sweet child-face is showing:
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn in life's hard school
  How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
  Like her, because they love him.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

A Reading—Illustrated by two Tableaux.

TABLEAU I.

A young man, dressed in knee-breeches, black hose, black velvet coat, lace ruffles at his wrists, a broad-brimmed soft hat, with long ostrich plume. A young girl, dressed in simple muslin gown, sleeves rolled above the elbows, a coquettish apron, sun-bonnet or broad-brimmed hat pushed back from the head and hanging by its strings around her neck. A milking-pail hung on her arm, and a milking-stool in her hand. The young man, at a little distance from the girl, is bending toward her, touching his hat with one hand, one foot a little extended, as if to approach nearer. The girl is pictured in the act of making a courtesy, holding out the side of her dress in old-time rural fashion.

(*Reading.*)

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

TABLEAU II.

Same characters and dress. The young man is standing erect, with arms folded, and with a frowning face. The young girl has set down her pail, and is standing with her hands upon her hips and arms akimbo. She has a look of scornful indignation on her face, which is partly turned away from him.

(*Reading.*)

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"
"Nobody axed you to," she said.

BLUEBEARD.

(*Reading to accompany Tableau I.*)

Centuries since there flourished a man,
A cruel old Tartar as rich as the Khan;
Whose castle was built on a splendid plan,
With gardens, and groves, and plantations;
But his shaggy beard was as blue as the sky,
And he lived alone, for his neighbors were shy,
And had heard hard stories, by the by,
About his domestic relations.

TABLEAU I.

Bluebeard is represented by a tall, stout man, dressed in semi-military garb, high boots, sash, and sword, long circular cloak thrown open from the shoulders, and a turban of gay colors wound about his head. If a regular set of long false whiskers cannot be readily obtained, his beard can be made of gray cotton-wadding, colored a dull blue with chalk crayon, sewed fast to a piece of muslin fitted upon the face and tied around the head. The wadding can be torn up in slits toward the muslin to give it a shaggy appearance. He is seated in a large chair, a small table standing near, and appears to be in deep thought.

(*Reading between Tableaux I and II.*)

Just on the opposite side of the plain
A widow abode with her daughters twain;
And one of them—neither cross nor vain—
Was a beautiful little treasure;
So he sent them an invitation to tea,
And having a natural wish to see
His wonderful castle and gardens, all three
Said they'd do themselves the pleasure.

As soon as there happened a pleasant day,
They dressed themselves in a sumptuous way,
And rode to the castle as proud and gay

As silks and jewels could make them;
And they were received in the finest style,
And saw everything that was worth their while,
In the halls of Bluebeard's grand old pile,
Where he was so kind as to take them.

The ladies were all enchanted quite,
For they found old Bluebeard so polite,
That they did not suffer at all from fright,
And frequently called thereafter;
Then he offered to marry the younger one,
And as she was willing, the thing was done,
And celebrated by all the ton
With feasting and with laughter.

As kind a husband as ever was seen,
Was Bluebeard then for a month, I ween;
And she was as proud as any queen,
And as happy as she could be, too.

(Reading to accompany Tableau II.)

But her husband called her to him one day,
And said, "My dear, I am going away;
It will not be long that I shall stay;
There is business for me to see to.
The keys of my castle I leave with you,
But if you value my love, be true,
And forbear to enter the Chamber of Blue!
Farewell, Fatima! Remember!"

Tableau II.

Bluebeard and his wife are seen. Bluebeard is dressed as in Scene 2. Fatima wears a bright-colored robe, made simply, skirt and waist in one, loosely confined at the waist by a girdle. (The dress should not appear

so modern.) Bluebeard stands with one hand upon Fatima's shoulder; the other hand, holding a bunch of keys, is raised with the forefinger extended, as in admonition. Fatima, with her face partly turned toward him and a little uplifted, appears to be listening attentively to his warning.

(*Reading between Tableaux II and III.*)

Fatima promised him; then she ran
To visit the rooms with her sister Ann;
But when she had finished the tour, she began
  To think about the Blue Chamber.

  Well, the woman was curiously inclined,
So she left her sister and prudence behind
(With a little excuse), and started to find
  The mystery forbidden.
She paused at the door; all was still as night!
She opened it; then through the dim blue light
There blistered her vision the horrible sight
  That was in that chamber hidden.

(*Reading to accompany Tableau III.*)

The room was gloomy, and damp, and wide,
And the floor was red with the bloody tide
From the heads of women, hung side by side,
  The wives of her lord and master!
Frightened and fainting she dropped the key,
But seized it and lifted it quickly; then she
Hurried as swiftly as she could flee
  From the scene of the disaster.

TABLEAU III.

(This tableau should have been already prepared and covered by a curtain during the showing of the other scenes, as it will take some time to arrange it.) A large white sheet, with slits cut in it, is hung up.

Six girls' heads are thrust through the slits, the bodies being hidden behind the sheet. Their hair, which should be long, has been combed to the tops of their heads, and is fastened at the ends to the sheet above their heads, giving them the appearance of being suspended by their hair. The faces may be made pale by the use of powder or chalk.

(Reading between Tableaux III and IV.)

She tried to forget the terrible deed,
But shrieked when she saw that the key was red,
And sickened and shook with an awful dread
When she heard Bluebeard was coming.
He did not appear to notice her pain;
But he took his keys, and, seeing the stain,
He stopped in the middle of the refrain
That he had been quietly humming.

(Reading to accompany Tableau IV.)

"Mighty well, madam!" said he, "mighty well!
What does this little blood-stain tell?
You've broken your promise; prepare to dwell
With the wives I've had before you!
You've broken your promise and you shall die."
Then Fatima, supposing her death was nigh,
Fell on her knees and began to cry,
"Have mercy, I implore you!"

TABLEAU IV.

Bluebeard, in same dress, is holding a bunch of keys in his left hand—one in his hand, the others dangling from the key-ring. The forefinger of his right hand is pointing to the key His face is stern and angry. Fatima, on her knees before him, with hands clasped and head thrown back, appears to be begging for mercy.

(Reading to accompany Tableau V).

"No!" shouted Bluebeard, drawing his sword;
"You shall die this very moment," he roared.

"Grant me time to prepare to meet my Lord,"
The terrified woman entreated.
"Only ten minutes," he roared again;
And holding his watch by its great gold chain,
He marked on the dial the fatal ten,
And retired till they were completed.

TABLEAU V.

Bluebeard, with drawn sword brandished above her head, has seized Fatima by the shoulder as she kneels, and is scowling darkly at her. Fatima, with hands extended, palms outward, as if to ward off the blow, has a look of terror on her face.

(Reading to accompany Tableau VI.)

"Sister, O sister! fly up to the tower!
Look for release from this murderer's power.
Our brothers should be here this very hour;
Speak! does there come assistance?"
"No; I see nothing but sheep on the hill."
"Look again, sister!" "I'm looking still,
But naught can I see, whether good or ill,
Save a flurry of dust in the distance."

"Time's up!" shouted Bluebeard, out from his room;
This moment shall witness your terrible doom,
And give you a dwelling within the room
Whose secrets you have invaded."
"Comes there no help for my terrible need?"
"There are horsemen twain riding hither with speed."
"Oh! tell them to ride very fast indeed,
Or I must meet death unaided!"

TABLEAU VI.

Fatima, upon her knees, is grasping the dress of sister Ann, who appears to be looking out of a window. Sister Ann wears a plain dark

dress made in the same style as Fatima's. One hand is placed on Fatima's head, the other is placed above her own eyes, as if to shield them from the sun during her outlook.

(Reading between Tableaux VI and VII.)

"Time's fully up! Now have done with your prayer,"
Shouted Bluebeard, swinging his sword on the stair;
Then he entered and grasping her beautiful hair,
  Swung his glistening weapon around him;
But a loud knock rang at the castle gate,
And Fatima was saved from her horrible fate,
For, shocked with surprise, he paused too late;
  And then the two soldiers found him.

(Reading to accompany Tableau VII.)

They were her brothers, and quick as they knew
What the fiend was doing, their swords they drew,
And attacked him fiercely, and ran him through,
  So that soon he was mortally wounded.
With a wild remorse was his conscience filled
When he thought of the hapless wives he had killed;
But quickly the last of his blood was spilled,
  And his dying groan was sounded.

TABLEAU VII.

The two brothers appear in dress similar to Bluebeard's. Bluebeard lies upon the floor. One brother has placed his foot upon Bluebeard's body, and thrust his sword between his arm and his side, as though he had run him through. The other brother seems to be in the act of replacing his sword in its scabbard. Sister Ann, standing near, is supporting Fatima, who hides her face upon her Sister Ann's shoulder.

(Concluding Reading.)

'Twas a private funeral Bluebeard had,
For the people knew he was very bad;

And, though they said nothing, they all were glad,
  For the fall of the evil-doer;
But Fatima first ordered some graves to be made,
And there the unfortunate ladies were laid;
And after some painful months, with the aid
  Of her friends, her spirits came to her.

Then she cheered the hearts of the suffering poor,
And an acre of land around each door,
And a cow, and a couple of sheep, or more,
  To her tenantry she granted.
So all of them had enough to eat,
And their love for her was so complete
They would kiss the dust from her little feet,
  Or do anything she wanted.

SECTION III.

THE YARN OF THE NANCY BELL.

This is a shadow exhibition, accompanied by reading. The reading should be slow and distinct, given by some one hidden from the audience. A large sheet is hung between the audience and the actors, and a light behind the actors throws their shadows upon the sheet. Let the movements of the shadows be as grotesque as possible.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
  From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
  An elderly naval man.

(*Here the shadow appears of a man in sailor's garb.*)

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
  And weedy and long was he;
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
  In a singular minor key,

"Oh! I am a cook and a captain bold,
  And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
  And the crew of the captain's gig."

(*He emphasizes by forward movement of his head as each is mentioned.*)

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,

(*Shakes his fist and runs his hand through his hair.*)

Till I really felt afraid;
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking;
And so I simply said:

"Oh! elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand, if I understand
However you can be

"At once a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which

(*Makes motion.*)

Is a trick all sailors larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,

Have quite a large wad of paper held to the side of the face away from the audience. Open the mouth wide, and with the thumb and finger take the wad of paper, as if drawing it from the mouth, and drop it on the floor.

He spun this painful yarn.

"'Twas in the good ship Nancy Bell,
That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul);
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me,

(He moves to one end of the sheet.)

and the cook and the captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

As each is mentioned his shadow appears on the screen, passes across the stage and off at the opposite side, leaving only the "old sailor."

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel,
So we draw'd a lot, and accordin' shot
The captain for our meal.

A musket can be handed unseen to the "old sailor," and he will put it to his shoulder and take aim.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made,
Then our appetite, with the midshipmite,
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,

(*Cook here appears.*)

And the delicate question, 'Which
Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

They must face each other, and appear to be arguing, shaking heads and gesticulating—one with his hand and the other with extended forefinger.

"For I loved that cook as a brother I did,
And the cook, he worship'd me;
And we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

"'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be.
I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

(*Gestures as above.*)

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don't you see, that you can't cook me,
While I can—and will—cook you.'

A tall wash-boiler is here pushed on the stage, at one side. The cook, bending over the boiler, drops small bits of paper into it.

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true,
(Which he never forgot), and some chopp'd shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

"'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell;
'Twill soothing be, if I let you see
How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirr'd it round, and round, and round,

(*Stirs with a long stick.*)

And he sniff'd at the foaming froth,
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

Here the "old sailor" takes hold of the cook's legs, and the cook disappears behind the wash-boiler, his feet only being visible above the top of the boiler. He kicks them about furiously, keeping his body well hidden. The "old sailor" then pushes the feet down.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

A pasteboard ship with holes in it, through which a string is passed, is made. Have the string stretched across the stage. To the front of the ship is attached a second string, by which the ship is pulled slowly into sight.

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play;
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have—which is to say:

"Oh! I am a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

BO-PEEP'S PARTY.

A Reading illustrated with Shadows.

Once on a time, Bo-Peep and Boy Blue
  Agreed that they'd give a grand ball,
And they sent invitations to those that they knew,
  And here is a list of them all.

SHADOW I.

A little boy and girl, both wearing large hats, stand facing each other, the girl bending forward toward the boy, with her finger extended, as though talking emphatically. The boy carries a large horn, the girl a shepherd's crook.

First, happy Dame Trot, with footsteps so spry,
  Came, looking so plump and so neat,

SHADOW II.

Dame Trot, with basket and umbrella, appears, stands for a moment, makes a bow, and passes on.

While following close, with his Christmas plum-pie,
  Queer little Jack Horner we greet.

SHADOW III.

Jack appears, holding in his uplifted hands a large, but rather shallow pudding-bowl. He pauses for a moment, bows, and passes on.

And then Jack and Jill appeared with their pail,
  Which they filled for the people to drink;
"For water," said they, "is much better than ale!
  At least so we both of us think."

SHADOW IV.

A little boy and girl, bearing a pail between them. One of them carries a long-handled dipper

Simple Simon came running, and close on his track
  Tom Tucker, and old Mother Hubbard,
Whose dog had no bone until she went back,
  For she carried the key of the cupboard.

Shadows V, VI, and VII.

Simple Simon, wearing a tall dunce-cap made of paper, takes long strides across the stage. Tom Tucker walks across with his fists to his eyes. Old Mother Hubbard hobbles across, leaning on a cane in front of her. She holds a large key dangling from her forefinger.

The slayer of giants next came on the scene,
  With his wonderful club of stout wood,
Then Red Riding Hood, with looks sweet and serene,
  Came, bearing her basket of food.

Shadows VIII and IX.

A boy, brandishing a large club (a base-ball bat), appears on the scene remains a moment, then passes off. A little girl, wearing a hood and cloak, and carrying a small basket, represents Red Riding Hood.

The next to arrive was the sweet Queen of Hearts,
  She'd been busy the whole summer day,
Preparing some more of her wonderful tarts,
  To replace those which were stolen away.

Shadow X.

Queen of Hearts wears a long train, the end of which she holds up and out at one side. She carries a large fan made of cardboard, cut in the shape of a heart.

Last came old King Cole, that merry old soul;
  He appeared with his fiddle so fine.
Then the dancing began—and they danced, I am told,
  Till the sun was beginning to shine.

SHADOW XI.

Old King Cole is seen with violin and bow.

Then the guests thanked Bo-Peep and little Boy Blue
For giving so charming a ball,
And the hosts said, "Good people, we bid you adieu,'
And wish you much happiness all."

SHADOW XII.

Boy Blue and Bo-Peep appear and bow repeatedly.

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S LITTLE HATCHET.

Reading and Shadows.

This story's very fine, indeed,
'Bout George's little hatchet;
I think, though, if I try right hard,
That I can almost match it.

SHADOW I.

A little boy, holding a large open book.

I guess this hatchet's big enough
To do the bit of chopping;
I'll cut the pear-tree through and through,
Until it's just a-dropping.

SHADOW II.

The little boy swinging the hatchet up and down.

Ugh! here comes father sure enough,
I'll go to him confessing;
But, ah! his looks are really now
Most awfully distressing.

Shadow III.

A man appears shaking his fist at the boy, who has the hatchet on his shoulder.

I think I'd better turn and run
  Nor tarry any longer;
It really looks to me as if
  His wrath is growing stronger.

Shadow IV.

The boy turns his back to the man, who reaches out to grasp him.

Oh! mercy! mercy! mercy me!
  My flesh all over tingles;
My teeth are chattering in my head
  With mad, not merry jingles.

Shadow V.

The boy is being shaken up and down, and apparently beaten with a cane.

See here, old book, I'll have from you
  Completest satisfaction,
For when I tried to follow you
  You drove me to distraction.

Shadow VI.

The boy shakes the book violently, and then kicks it up into the air.

SECTION IV.

STATUARY VIVANTS.

Locomotive headlight or calcium light should be used to throw a strong light upon the tableaux.

The light can be placed at the end of the building opposite the stage. A dark cloth should cover the wall back of the figures.

Articles for the costume of each figure consist of two sheets for drapery, white stockings (no shoes), white cotton gloves, six yards of white rope, cap to fit the head, covered with sheet cotton or crimped tissue paper. The cosmetic consists of cocoa butter rubbed thoroughly over the face (eyes shut) and neck, which are then powdered thickly with precipitated chalk. Use the cosmetic about an hour before the figures appear, so that it will be quite dry. Dress the statues as follows. Double one sheet, and pin it round the waist with safety pins, putting in a pleat here and there that it may hang a little full. Take the second sheet, fold it like the first, pass under the right arm about half a yard from the end. Make the arm-hole by joining the folded edges on the

shoulder. Then carry loosely across the chest to left shoulder, and arrange as on the right, or, unfold the sheet and drape in long, loose folds. Use the rope to confine the drapery as a girdle, or bring it round back of neck; cross in front, carry under arms, cross in back at waist, carry it in front and tie in long loops. The drapery, of course, can be altered to suit the statue according to taste; a little practicing will soon suggest different modes. Where modern styles of clothing are worn instead of drapery, all must be pure white.

SCENES.

BURD STATUE.

(St. Stephen's P. E. Church, Phila.)

A cross, six feet high, covered with white muslin.

Central figure is a woman sitting at the base of the cross, elevated about twelve inches from the floor. She is pointing with forefinger of right hand at a book on right knee, which should be higher than the left. On right side of this figure, on the floor, sits a young girl, her left elbow is resting on lap of first image, her eyes evidently following the pointing finger, her right arm hanging carelessly at her side.

On the left side sits a small child, her head resting on the knee of central figure, whose arm encircles her; the child's foot is in view; one hand is under her cheek, the other hangs at her side. A figure representing the angel Gabriel (wings made of wire covered with white material) stands back of child, bending a little toward, and with fingers touching shoulder of central figure. The left hand is partly uplifted and holds a trumpet.

Entreat Me not to Leave Thee.

CHARACTERS.

Naomi and her daughters-in-law, Ruth and Orpah.

In this tableau the drapery should be wound around the head. Naomi is the central figure; she stands with right hand raised, as if forbidding Ruth and Orpah to follow her. Ruth clings to her left arm in a beseeching attitude. Orpah has turned away; only her back and side-face are seen as she looks back at Naomi and Ruth. She is a few feet behind and to the right of Naomi.

The Seed Sower.

Figure of young man with smooth face. Skirt drapery a little below the knee; long white stockings above knee. In his left hand he holds a receptacle for seed. (A medium-sized sieve white-washed may be used.) His right arm is outstretched as if he had just thrown the seed. One foot should be in advance of the other, as if walking rapidly.

Taking the Cream.

A young girl in short white dress, apron, and cap. In her right hand she holds a cream can (white-washed). With her left hand she is apparently warding off a kiss which a young man, whose arm is around her shoulder, is trying to bestow. The young man's dress should be knee-breeches, blouse waist, slouch hat.

The Storm.

A young female figure with drapery drawn, as if blown by the wind. She has a small cap on her head, and her head is turned, looking over right shoulder.

In her right hand she carries a basket; with her left she is screening with her mantle a little child, whose face peers out from under it. The child's left hand is on his cheek, as if warding off the wind.

Morning and Night.

Morning is a young girl, with loose flowing drapery, girded at waist, reaching to ankles. Her left hand rests on her hip. Her right hand holds a cup from which she is about to drink. Night is a bowed figure sitting on floor, back and to the left of Morning. The drapery is over the head. The right hand rests on the knee. The left hand is clasping a staff, which stands upright.

A Suit that does not Prosper.

The figure of a young girl. The skirt of dress is straight, reaching to ankles; white mantle, drapery over her head; her hands are clasped in front. She is turning away from a young man who is just back of her, and who is holding on to her mantle and is bending a little forward in an entreating manner. His dress is knee-breeches, loose coat, rather flat hat, with feathers; his hair hangs almost to his shoulders; hair is simulated with the raw cotton or crimped tissue paper.

"What's the News, Grandpa?"

A little boy and girl are the figures. They are seated in high-backed chairs, the girl at the left of the boy. She wears an old lady's cap and spectacles, short white dress and apron. Her feet are crossed, resting on a footstool. She holds knitting needles as if knitting,

and a ball of knitting cotton is on her lap. (The needles and spectacle frames should be covered with tissue paper.) She is looking over her right shoulder, as if asking "What's the news?" of grandpa. The boy has a handkerchief draped upon his head. He wears spectacles, and in his left hand is a snuff-box. His right hand is raised a few inches above the open box. His feet rest upon a stool. He is looking at grandma as if listening to her question. Pillow-slips can be used to cover the backs of the chairs.

The Home Guard.

For three small children.

The largest child is dressed in blouse and knee-pants. He has a drum strung around his neck. He wears a soldier-cap adorned with a flowing plume (white paper cut in strips). He marches at the head of the line, his left foot a little in advance of the right. Directly behind him is the child next in size. This child wears a loose dress in one piece reaching to his knees. With his left hand he holds a trumpet. A toy horse is held by the right hand. It is fastened to a long stick, which he bestrides. A three-cornered paper soldier-cap, with a waving plume at its point, is on his head. The third figure in the procession is a little girl. She wears a short white dress with sash. On her right shoulder she carries a toy gun, the butt of which she clasps with her right hand. With her left hand she is drawing along a little woolly dog. She does not wear a cap. (The tissue paper or cotton should be arranged to resemble short tight curls.)

DEVOTION.

A LADY in simple white dress with short or very tight-fitting sleeves, neck bare, white flowers at bosom. The figure should be kneeling upon one knee before a high white cross, face cast upward, hands folding a white prayer-book to breast.

THE THREE GRACES.

THREE young ladies, one taller than the others, should constitute a group—the tallest should be the centre figure. Faith should stand on the right, resting right arm on a cross. Hope should be placed on the left holding in left hand an anchor, arms intertwined and pose of all most graceful.

Cross and anchor may be made of wood, covered with white paper.

DIANA.

YOUNG girl in short white dress, long white stockings, open quiver filled with arrows thrown over the right shoulder. A bow in the left hand, and the right hand reaching back as though in the act of taking an arrow from the quiver. Pose agile.

Bow and arrows may be made of same material as mentioned above.

SECTION V.

BACKWARD.

A charade in three acts.

CHARACTERS.

MR. FRENCH. JOHN (*a servant*).
MADGE (*Mr. French's ward*).

(Scene first reveals Mr. French, in dressing-gown and slippers, reclining in a large chair, yawning as though awaking from a nap.)

ACT I.

Mr. French (*calling*).—John, I say, John, you rascal, where are you? (*Louder.*) John! Jo—h—n!

John (*coming leisurely toward him*).—Did you call, your honor?

Mr. F.—Did I call! Oh! no, not at all. I never call when I want you; I shout, I yell. You're as deaf as the house when it suits you to be. You're never here when you're wanted, and when you're not wanted you're always in the way.

John.—Sure, and can I do anything for you, sir?

Mr. F.—Shake up the pillow, so that I may rest my back a little. (*John proceeds to do so.*) Gently, John, gently, Oh! o-h-h! my back, my back. Will this pain never cease?

John.—Faix and how can I tell? Have patience a little longer; for if you don't get better soon, you'll die, sure, and then you're sufferings 'll be ended. Ahem!

Mr. F.—Die! What are you talking about? Die! Get out of here with your stupid nonsense! What do you mean? (*John walking away.*) Come back! Where are you going? Come back, I say.

John.—Is it here you wants me to stay? I was misunderstanding you, sure. I thought you said go.

Mr. F.—Don't be a blockhead. (Oh-h-h! my back.) Tell me some news, can't you? Something amusing to make me forget my suffering. Since I've been laid up with this rheumatism I've heard nothing, seen nothing.

John.—News is scarce, your honor. Nothing happened around here worth knowing since they took the horse away.

Mr. F.—Took the horse away? What horse?

John.—Your horse, to be sure.

Mr. F.—My horse stolen! Oh! oh! oh!

John.—No, not stolen; taken in broad daylight.

Mr. F.—Taken where!

John.—To be buried, sir.

Mr. F.—Well, this is amusing with a vengeance. To be buried! When did he die? What ailed him?

John.—Fell into a pit, yesterday, and broke his legs, his neck, and his back—in fact, crippled himself all over, the poor beast.

Mr. F.—H'm. It's a pity you hadn't fallen with him. (Oh-h-h!) Suppose you go and bring me my mail. Your cheering news has refreshed me wonderfully.

[*Exit John. Curtain.*]

ACT II. *Ward.*

(Same scene. Mr. French seated in the same chair, with a letter in his hand. He opens the letter and reads aloud:)

DEAR GUARDIAN.—I will be with you this afternoon at six. I am tired of school, and I'm going to leave it. Don't scold, and don't say "I'll send her back," for I won't go. In haste.

Your affectionate ward,

MADGE.

Well, this is interesting. What am I going to do? Here I am laid on my back, the housekeeper gone off in a huff, a cross-grained Irish girl in the kitchen, and a harum-scarum boarding-school miss with all sorts of independent airs, coming in less than half an hour. (Oh! my back, will it never get well?) I thought I was rid of her for another year, at least, but she says she's coming, and come she will. (*Calling.*) John! John-n!

John.—Yes, sir, your honor; and here's a young lady just back of me, who says you're looking for her, and come in she would. (*Madge enters, dressed in traveling suit.*)

Madge.—My dear guardian! (*throwing her hat and cloak carlessly on a chair, and advancing toward him.*)

Mr. F.—H'm! So you're my ward, I suppose.

Madge.—Yes, I suppose I am. (*Sitting down.*) I am Madge, you know. But how long have you been sick? You look dreadfully pale and thin. You should have sent for me.

Mr. F.—What for?

Madge.—To take care of you.

Mr. F.—Ha! ha! That's a good joke. What does a pert school miss know about such illness as mine?

Madge.—Not much, perhaps; but then I might help to amuse you and soothe your weary hours.

Mr. F.—Amuse me! No, thank you. John's a master hand at that business; two of you would kill me quite.

Madge.—That would be shocking. You know you're my guardian?

Mr. F.—Yes, to my sorrow.

Madge.—And I am your ward?

Mr. F.—Yes, yes. (And a fool I was for making such a promise.)

Madge.—And this is to be my home?

Mr. F.—(Oh-h-h!) Of course, of course. Go on.

Madge.—Well, then, I'm going to stay here. No more school for me. I'm sick of school. I never could see any sense in studying so hard, anyhow, and I'm not going to do it any more.

Mr. F.—Well, well, please yourself; but mind, when you get tired of it here, don't worry and bother me to send you back.

Madge.—Never you fear, you dear, fussy old guardian. Now, after I have made your head comfortable (*fixing his pillow*), and brought you a footstool for your feet (*bringing a stool*), I'm going to make myself at home, and hunt something to eat, for I'm as hungry as a bear; and I'll bring you some tea and toast to cheer you up a little. You look awful blue and (*mischievously*) cross.

[*Exit Madge. Curtain.*]

Act III.—*Backward.*

(*Same scene. Mr. French seated in chair. Enter Madge bearing a tray, which she sets on a table near him.*)

Madge.—Well, here I am at last. Did you get tired waiting?

Mr. F.—No matter if I did; I'm used to waiting.

Madge.—My! but you're snappish. Now, while you sip this delicious tea, let me tell you what kept me (*Hands him the tea.*)

Mr. F (*tasting the tea*).—Did you make this?

Madge.—Of course I did. Isn't it delightful?

Mr. F. (*making a wry face*).—Delightful! Oh! yes, very, very. Oh! oh! Boarding-school tea, I suppose (*Aside.*) Tastes like dish-water.

Madge.—Well, when I went down into the kitchen to make myself at home, you know, and saw the cook standing perfectly aghast at my intrusion, I must confess I felt a little backward about helping myself, and so I concluded I had better work my way into her good graces first.

Mr. F.—Which you did, I presume.

Madge.—Oh! yes; I told her all about my being an orphan and having no home but this, and then I asked her about her brothers and sisters, and how long she had been in this country, and then I spoke a good word or two for old Ireland, and that won her completely After that I believe I could have turned the kitchen upside down with impunity.

Mr. F.—Very bashful and diffident you are, I must say.

Madge.—Now, you are making fun of me; but I am backward about some things. I always had that name at school.

Mr. F.—That's the reason you left, I suppose.

Madge.—Yes, that's one of the reasons. One of the teachers had the impertinence to tell me that I was forward in my manners and backward in my studies; and I considered it an insult.

Mr. F.—I don't wonder. Now, suppose you stop talking for a little while and shake up my pillow again. (*Madge proceeds to do so and tilts the chair backward.*)

Mr. F.—Oh! here! Stop! What are you doing? You'll break my back. Oh—

Madge.—Oh! did I hurt you? That's too bad. But, I say, Guardy, you were the backward one that time. My, how scared you look! I can't help laughing.

Mr. F.—No, I see you can't, and so you may leave me now.

Madge.—Well, by-by, then I'll go take a run on the lawn and leave you to your own pleasant thoughts.

[*Exit Madge. Curtain.*]

MENDICANT.

A charade in four acts.

CHARACTERS.

SOPHIE, LAURA, MARION, (*sisters*).
AUNT PHEBE.

SCENE: *A sitting-room.*

ACT I.—*Mend.*

Sophie (seated in a low rocking-chair, with a large work-basket standing beside her, containing clothing from the weekly wash to be mended. She folds up a

garment which she has just mended, lays it aside, and takes up a stocking, which she draws over her hand, and begins to darn).—What a slavish life I lead, to be sure. It's cook and bake and wash and scrub from morning till night, and then for an evening's recreation I must take my work-basket and mend, mend, mend. Look at that stocking, now! (*Holding it up and exposing the large hole she is darning.*) Isn't that a yawning chasm to be filled with stitches? And here is this basket full of other torn and worn garments, all to be mended by one pair of hands. If Laura or Marion would sometimes assist me—but Laura thinks only of herself and her pleasures, and Marion is actually too lazy, and so, if any of the household machinery gets out of order, why, I'm the one to mend it. Heigho! I wish things would mend themselves!

(*Enter Marion and Laura.*)

Marion.—O sister Sophie! we've got a letter, by the evening's mail!

Laura.—And whom do you suppose it's from? You never can guess, I know.

Sophie.—Suppose you tell me, then, or let me see the letter.

Marion.—Here, take it! It's from Aunt Phebe, our one rich relation, and a dreadful old crank she must be, judging by her letter.

Laura.—And she's coming here to make us a visit.

Marion.—And find out whether she likes us well enough to leave us her fortune, I suppose.

Laura.—I'm pretty sure I can make her like me, and then if she'll only die soon and let me have her money, I'll—

Marion.—Well, that's cool! If any one needs her fortune I'm sure it is I, for I certainly was never meant to earn my own living.

Sophie.—Do hush, both of you! It is shamefully wicked to talk so, to wish for the death of your aunt, and to covet her money. And, indeed before either of you can ever deserve to be rich you'll have to mend your ways.

Laura.—Mend my ways? Not I. Mending is not in my line.

[*Exit Laura.*]

Marion.—Mend my ways! No, Sophie,

I'll take and I'll spend,
But to make and to mend,

is your prerogative, and I couldn't think of interfering with it.

[*Exit Marion.*]

Sophie (*sighing and folding up a finished piece*).—That's the way it always is! They cannot see that some one must be diligent or the housekeeping would fall into utter confusion, and so they ridicule me instead of helping me. One is vain, and the other is idle, and on me falls all the burden.

Act II.—*I.*

Laura (*looking at her image in a mirror, and smiling and smirking*).—Well, I must say, if looks are worth anything, that I stand a fair chance of captivating our rich old aunt. I know I'm pretty, and why should I pretend to think otherwise. My wise sister Sophie thinks I'm selfish and vain. Well, suppose I am, I can be young but once in my life, and I want to enjoy

myself. (*Enter Sophie and Marion. Sophie begins to set the room in order, dusting and setting the chairs straight, etc. Marion sinks languidly into an easy-chair.*)

Marion.—Goodness, Laura, what are you doing before the glass? Worshiping yourself as usual?

Laura (*unabashed, still looking at her image*).—I am studying the effect that I shall produce on our dear Aunt Phebe. I desire to be simply irresistible. I wish to entirely obscure my two sisters, and—

Sophie.—O Laura! what superb egotism!

Marion.—Laura, if you were asked the most important letter of the alphabet, I know you'd say "I."

Laura.—Of course I should. What other single letter does mean so much? And I believe other folks are just as selfish as I, only they will not acknowledge, as I do, that—

Of all of value upon this earth,
I think myself of greatest worth.

Sophie.—I have too much to do, to stay and listen to any more such egotism.

[*Exit Sophie.*]

Marion.—And I, too, will leave you to your self-adoration.

Laura.—I'd be equal to the occasion, I think. But just now I'll go with you. Good-bye, sweet image of myself. (*Throws kiss toward mirror.*)

[*Exit Laura and Marion.*]

ACT III.—*Can't.*

(*Marion is seen reclining upon a lounge. Sophie enters.*)

Sophie.—Marion, I want some help in the kitchen. Aunt Phebe will arrive this afternoon, and I have so much to do before then. Won't you come and help me?

Marion.—Why, Sophie, I would if I could, but I can't. I do wish Aunt Phebe would stay at home! Where's Laura? Maybe she will help you. I can't, indeed! I have the headache.

Sophie.—I'll have to ask Laura then, and I fear she, too, will say she can't.

[*Exit Sophie.*]

[*Enter Laura.*]

Laura.—Ah! here you are, Marion! I wish you would come up-stairs and loop my dress for me. Now do not say you can't, as I see you are inclined to do, but come.

Marion.—Did you see Sophie? She wants you to help her in the kitchen.

Laura.—I can't possibly do it! I have to get dressed. Come help me!

Marion.—I quote your own words, "I can't possibly do it." I'm too tired.

Laura.—Speak the truth, and say you won't.

Marion.—Oh! no. Why should one be more disagreeable than is necessary? "I won't" is ever so much more impolite than "I can't," yet "I can't" answers every purpose. At least I have always found it so.

Laura.—Oh! how lazy you are! If you won't—can't I mean—assist me, I must hasten, and e'en assist myself.

[*Exit Laura.*]

Marion.—And who's to help poor Sophie. I ought to, but really I am so lazy I can't!

Act IV.—*Mendicant.*

(*Sophie, Laura, and Marion are seen in characteristic positions. Sophie, sewing; Laura, looking at her own apparel; Marion, lounging. They are awaiting the arrival of Aunt Phebe.*)

Laura.—It is almost time for the old dame to arrive. I wonder what we will do with her, if she is dreadfully queer!

Sophie.—I have always heard that she is eccentric, but—

Marion.—There's a knock! You go, Sophie.

Laura (*rising*).—No, I will go.

Marion.—Oh! yes. You want to make the first impression, of course. Well, go along.

Laura (*with a charming manner, opening the door*).—My dear aunt—(*Seeing an old beggar woman—to all appearance—standing there, she scowls and says*) Oh! go away, you dreadful old woman. What are you doing here? You have no business here. Go away, I say!

Sophie (*approaching*).—Let me see her, Laura. What do you want, my good woman?

Aunt Phebe (*disguised as beggar*).—A little help, please.

Marion (*from within*).—We haven't time to attend to beggars just now. We're looking for another sort of old nuisance—old lady, I mean.

Laura.—Do send the old beggar away, Sophie. We have nothing for you, woman.

Aunt Phebe.—Just a little help! Something to eat, or a little money. I am not a common mendicant, indeed.

Sophie.—Step inside, and I'll get you something to eat. Sit here.

Marion.—Sophie's always doing something absurd. The idea of bringing an old beggar in here! When folks get to be so old, I think it is time for them to die.

Laura.—Yes, I hope Aunt Phebe won't tarry long

in this vale of tears after I have once got into her good graces and secured her fortune.

Marion.—I'd be satisfied if she would only stay at home, and not be making visits here, and upsetting the peace of our household. I've had to exert myself two or three times since we heard she was coming, and I'm tired of it. Even if she is rich, I, for one, don't want to see her.

Laura.—And it is only because of her money that I want to see her.

Sophie (*entering with a tray of refreshments*).—I have brought you something to eat, but I have kept you waiting rather long, I fear.

Aunt Phebe.—Oh! I enjoyed hearing the young ladies talk. It was very interesting. I told you I was no common mendicant, and my chief want has already been satisfied. (*Throws off her disguise.*) I wanted to find out the sort of girls my nieces are, and verily I have done so. My plan of coming to you in disguise, though not a very original one, has proved very efficient. You two young ladies have soon displayed to me your real characters, selfish and ease-loving, and you need never hope to benefit by any money of mine, but your sister here, may, at some future time, reap the reward of her readiness to show kindness to a poor old mendicant.

INCOMPATIBILITY:

A charade in four scenes. The last scene is the entire word.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CLAY.	MR. SIMMONS (*Bessie's lover*).
BESSIE CLAY.	MARTHA (*servant girl*).
Small Girl, PATTY.	*Small boy* BILLY.

SCENE I.—*Income.*

(*Pleasant sitting-room. Mr. Clay, with dressing gown and slippers, reading. Martha enters the room and hands a card to Mr. Clay.*)

Mr. Clay (*reading the card*).—Very well, Martha, show the gentleman in. [*Martha exit.*]

Martha (*opening the door*).—Mr. Simmons.

Mr. Clay (*rising*).—Good evening, sir; happy to see you; be seated.

Mr. Simmons.—Ahem! Thank you, sir (*taking a seat*). I—I have called—I have called, Mr. Clay.

Mr. Clay.—Yes.

Mr. Simmons.—As I remarked—I have called—on important business. I—that is we—or rather, in fact; I love your daughter, and—I—wish to ask your permission to pay my addresses to her.

Mr. Clay.—Well, really Mr. Simmons, you take me rather by surprise. I scarcely know what to say. I had no idea that there was anything of this sort going on. You must excuse me, Mr. Simmons, but it is hard for a father to think of losing his daughter. Bessie is the eldest, and is the light of our household. We have, perhaps, been too indulgent, but she has never known a

care, nor ever had a wish ungratified. And I can never relinquish her to any one without being certain her future husband can support her in the same style. Do not think me mercenary, but I should like to ask what your business prospects are.

Mr. Simmons.—Certainly, sir, that is quite proper, and as I supposed you would wish to know something of this kind, I have brought a full statement of my income. (*Takes a paper from his pocket, with a long row of figures on it and opens it full length. It should be a sheet of legal note.*)

Mr. Clay (*taking the paper and holding it up*).—Why, bless me! Is it possible your income is $60,000? Bessie is yours, my boy, and I shall feel proud to be your father-in-law.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.—*Patty-Billy.*

(*Same room as before. Mr. Simmons seated on the sofa.*)

Patty (*entering*).—How do you do?

Mr. Simmons.—Well, Patty, is your sister home?

Patty (*seating herself*).—Oh yes, and she will be in as soon as she takes her hair out of the curl papers. But I shouldn't wonder if she would stop to put on her blue dress, for she was making molasses candy for Billy and me, and she spilled molasses all down the front of her white dress, and she got dreadful mad and boxed Billy's ears, and he said he was going to tell you and then you wouldn't want to marry her, and—oh, you will be my brother, won't you? Brother Charles; won't that be funny! I don't believe I'll like you as well as I do Billy. He is my brother, too. You can't play marbles nor climb chestnut trees, can you?

Mr. Simmons.—Who told you I was going to be your brother?

Patty.—Oh, they were all talking about it at the dinner-table, and pa and ma were dreadful glad. Pa said you were as rich as creases, but I don't see anything nice in them, for ma always scolds me when I get creases in my dresses. Here is [*enter Bessie*] Bessie, I must go; we've had a very pleasant conversation. Good bye!

Mr. Simmons.—Your sister is quite an entertaining child.

Bessie (*aside: I wonder what she told him*).—Yes: she is a little chatter-box.

Mr. Simmons (*leading her to the sofa*).—And now, my darling Bessie, I may at last call you mine. I saw your father last evening and he gave a gracious consent to our union.

Bessie.—Dearest Charles, I—

Billy (*who is hid under the sofa, groans*).—Oh! [*Bessie and Charles start and look around the room.*]

Mr. Simmons.—It shall be the pleasure of my life to minister to your every want, and to render your days a perpetual joy.

Bessie.—Oh, you are so good, I can never—

(*Billy groans again. They both start up and look under the sofa. Mr. Simmons drags forth Billy, who puts his hands in his pockets and looks defiant.*)

Bessie.—Billy, you naughty, wicked boy, what were you doing under the sofa?

Billy.—Listening.

Bessie.—What were you listening for?

Billy.—I wanted to hear what Mr. Simmons said to you. You got mad and boxed my ears, and I said I'd have revenge [*boldly*]!

Bessie.—Go up-stairs immediately; I shall tell pa of your conduct.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE III.—*Tie—A Tableau.*

(*A wedding scene. Patty and Billy should be in the fore ground.*)

SCENE IV.—*Incompatibility.*

(*A dining-room. Table spread. Mr. Simmons seated near the table.*)

Mr Simmons.—Married two months to-day, and we would be perfectly happy if it were not for this jealous disposition of Bessie's. (*Enter servant, who hands him some letters and retires.*) Two letters for Bessie (*laying them on the table*). Here is one from Gerald—dear, old fellow (*opens it and reads*). "I called on Flossie last evening; she seems quite heart-broken about your marriage— says you have forgotten her; she has heard from you only once or twice since the wedding, and, in fact, seems quite grieved at your neglect. I told her I was going to write, and she asked me to send this picture to you in my letter." (*Looking at the picture.*) Poor little girl, it is too bad. I have not intended neglecting her, for I love her dearly and always shall. (*Puts the letter and picture in the envelope. Enter Bessie. He rises and the letter drops on the floor.*) Bessie, there are some letters on the table for you. I am going out, but shall be back shortly to take you driving.

Bessie.—Very well, I shall be ready. [*Exit Mr. S.*] Two letters from home, that is good. (*Sees the letter on the floor, picks it up, picture drops out.*) Ha! a lady's

picture. Writing to my husband and sending her photograph. I have a right to see what she says, and I'll do it (*reading the letter*). So Flossie misses him, does she? And this Gerald, this model friend, is helping it on. Oh, my heart is broken; I shall die (*burying her face in her handkerchief*). Oh, my, why did I ever marry this base deceiver? I'll pack my trunk and go right home to-day. Oh, oh, I'll—(*enter Mr. Simmons; sees Bessie with her hands to her face*).

Mr. Simmons.—What is the trouble Bessie? Have you bad news?

Bessie.—Go away; don't you ever speak to me again. Oh, how could you deceive me so?

Mr. Simmons.—Deceive you; what are you talking about? What have I done?

Bessie (*sobbing*).—Oh, yes, you are very innocent. What does this mean? (*handing him the picture*).

Mr. Simmons (*angrily*).—Have you been reading my letter?

Bessie (*rising*).—Yes, I have, and I am going straight home to pa, and have him go to the lawyers and get me a divorce.

Mr. Simmons.—On what grounds? Jealousy?

Bessie.—No, it shall be incompatibility (*sobbing*). You abuse me, and then you—you make fun of me.

Mr. Simmons.—No, Bessie, I am not making fun of you; this is a serious matter, and if you do not check this jealous disposition you will render us both miserable. That is a picture of my sister Ida, of whom I have often told you; her middle name is Florence, and her friends call her Flossie.

Bessie.—Oh Charles, I was jealous of your sister. How foolish I am. I will never—no, never be jealous again

Mr. Simmons.—I hope you will keep that good resolution, Bessie, and if you do we shall never have any cause to quarrel, but will be the model couple of the nineteenth century.

[CURTAIN.]

PUNGENT.

A charade for five characters.

Four females and one male.

(*The first scene shows three young ladies doing fancy work.*)

ACT I.—*Pun.*

Ida.—Here we have been sitting as quiet as mice for the last hour, counting stitches, shading silks, or arranging crazy patchwork. I move that we display a little more sociability during the remainder of the evening.

Irene.—I second the motion. But, what shall we do? Play anagrams or talk gossip?

Katie.—Neither. Suppose we try something new. Let us ask each other questions, to which our replies must be so arranged as to contain a pun. For instance, I say to you, Ida—

Ida.—Yes, yes, I'll try to make a pun,
If you'll only show me how 'tis done.

Katie.—Just wait one moment, till I think what to ask you. And remember, if you fail to make a pun in your answer, there's a penalty. Let me see—you will have to go out and bring in a plate of apples for us.

Ida.—U-pon my word, I think that will be pun-ish-ment.

Katie (*laughing*).—Pretty good for a first attempt. Now, Irene I'll try my hand on you.

Irene.—I imagine you are not so hand-y as you think at this game.

Katie.—Caught again, before I've started! Ida, what is the matter with your hair?

Ida.—Why, do I look hair-um-scarum?

Katie.—I think I'll beat a retreat, and bring in the apples, and a doughnut apiece.

Irene.—For peace sake we cannot say dough (do) nut (not).

Act II.—*Gent.*

Room as before. Katie entering with apples, takes her seat. Judy, a servant enters.)

Judy.—Faith, ma'am, there's a gent as wants to know as ye're in. What ought I be tellin' him?

Katie.—A-gent? Agent for what, Judy?

Irene.—Organs or sewing-machines, I suspect. Judy, tell him we have all the organs we need—organs of seeing, smelling, hearing, etc.

Ida.—And as for sewing-machines, we each have ten old-fashioned ones which we wouldn't exchange for any new-fangled affairs.

Judy.—Sure, it's not that kind of a mon; it's the young gent as drops in of an evening, to be sociable like.

Katie.—You shouldn't say gent, Judy. Ask the young gentleman in.

Judy (*turning away*).—Sure, and he's not a gent-tall man at all. The young man is a short gent.

[*Exit Judy.*]

ACT III.—*Pungent.*

(*Enter Judy, followed by a young man, whom she announces.*)

Judy.—The gent-tall-man! (*aside.*) as isn't tall! (*Shrugs her shoulders and leaves the room.*)

Charlie.—Good-evening, ladies. (*Turns and looks after Judy.*) Judy is facetious. Why did she comment on my height?

Katie.—She was repeating a lesson that she hasn't quite learned. It was nothing personal.

(*Charlie takes his handkerchief out of his pocket, shakes it, and brushes an imaginary speck from his coat. All the young ladies cough. He looks around, surprised.*)

Charlie.—My entrance seems to have given you all sudden colds.

Katie.—No, it isn't that, but, at-choo, at-choo. (*Sneezes twice.*)

Charlie.—Why, this is a remarkable reception.

Katie.—It is that very pun (at-choo) gent (at-choo) odor on your (at-choo) handkerchief.

(*Irene and Ida begin to sneeze.*)

Irene.—I should think—(*sneezes.*)

Ida.—It was—(*sneezes.*)

Irene and Ida together.—Pungent!

Charlie (*placing his handkerchief to his nose, and sneezing*).—Well, that roguish brother of mine (*sneezes*) must have put pepper (*sneezes*) on my hand (*sneezes*) ker (*sneezes*) chief.

SECTION VI.

PLAYFUL.

Charade.

SCENE I.—*Play.*

School-house yard; boys and girls at play.

SCENE II.—*Full.*

A table, on which is placed an empty goblet. Several scholars present. Let one enter, bearing a pitcher of water, and fill the goblet; then let another scholar attempt to add more water to the already filled goblet; at the same time let all those present shake their heads, and motion with their hands for her to desist. Let several others try to add water to the goblet with the same result.

SCENE III.—*Playful.*

Let all the scholars be seen playing "tag" and laughing, as though having a pleasant time.

SAUSAGE.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

This pantomimic charade is in three scenes, and represents a word of two syllables. Scenes 1 and 2 show the syllables, and Scene 3 the entire word.

Scene I.—*Saw* (*Sau*).

A farmer, with a basket of potatoes or corn or grain before him, which he is examining, is approached by a shabbily-dressed man, who makes motions to show that he is very hungry and wants something to eat.

The farmer shakes his head in denial, but the tramp persisting, he finally points to some wood to be sawed, procures a saw which he hands to the tramp, and shows him the desired length of sticks, and motions that he shall have food if he works for it. The hungry fellow saws laboriously, but varies the monotony by ludicrous gestures, pretending to be hungry enough to eat the saw, wiping the imaginary perspiration from his face, then wringing his ragged handkerchief as if it were soaked and any other appropriate antics. The curtain falls while he is still sawing.

Scene II.—*Sage.*

A library. A table piled with books and papers, charts and globes, and any other articles befitting a student. A man in dressing-gown and slippers, skull cap on, wearing spectacles, and looking as wise as possible, is reading studiously in one of the largest of the books.

Scene III.—*Sausage.*

The tramp of Scene 1st is seated at a table, and is apparently enjoying a full meal. Presently he holds up a large piece of sausage upon his fork, gazes at it admiringly, searches in his pockets, produces a piece of brown paper, and proceeds to wrap up the piece of

sausage and place it carefully in his hat. The farmer now enters the room, and asks him, by motion, if he has had enough. The tramp rising, attempts to put on his hat and the paper of sausage falls to the floor. The farmer picks it up, and, being poorly wrapped, the paper falls off, and a tableau follows: The farmer holding sausage at full arm's length, the tramp looking longingly at it, with hand slightly outstretched toward it.

MISFIT.

SCENE I.—*Miss* (*Mis*).

A playground is shown. Five or six boys, with bows and arrows, are shooting at a mark. They all make failures, missing the mark. At each successive failure a shake of the head or shrug of the shoulders, or some other mark of disappointment should make it plain to all that the archer has made a miss.

SCENE II.—*Fit.*

Same playground and boys. The boys are standing in a group, their gestures showing an animated talk, when one of the number falls to the ground, and the others surround him with looks of dismay. One hurries off and brings a physician. In the meantime the others have lifted the afflicted boy and placed him upon a bench close at hand, one boy sitting and supporting his head. The doctor comes, feels his pulse and loosens his neckwear, and the patient begins to recover and sits up.

Scene III.—*Misfit.*

Same scene. Boys are putting on their coats, which have been thrown in a heap during their play. Small boy standing conspicuously in the foreground, puts on a coat several sizes too large for him. He should make the situation ludicrous by holding out his arms so that the sleeves dangle over his hands, and show the extent of the misfit.

ATTENDANCE.

This charade is in three acts. Act I represents the first two syllables of the word. Act II shows the third syllable, and Act III the whole word.

Act I.—*At Ten.*

A woman in housekeeper's dress is writing, seated at a table or desk. Conveniently near stands a large clock or dial. A knock is heard and there enters a girl who hands a letter to the housekeeper, and looks at her inquiringly. She shakes her head in denial, and with her pen points at ten on the clock face, and the girl passes out. A second knock, and a butcher's boy, with long white apron, and a large basket on his arm, comes in and presents a bill, pointing out to her the items. She takes the bill and lays it on the table, again shakes her head and points at ten on the clock. The boy passes out. Two young ladies, fashionably dressed, are the next callers. They bow and look inquiringly at the woman, who once more shakes her head and points at ten. They give her their cards and withdraw. The housekeeper has evidently told them all that her mistress is out, but will be home at ten.

Act II.—*Dance.*

A little girl shall dance any fancy dance she may be familiar with.

Act III.—*Attendance.*

The mistress of the house has returned. She is handsomely dressed in out-door costume. Her servants flock about her. To one she hands her bonnet, to another her parasol, etc. One brings an easy-chair and footstool for her, and the housekeeper of Act I appears in attendance upon her and gives her the letter, the bill, and the cards which have been left for her.

SECTION VII.

SEARCHING FOR HAPPINESS.

WITH some adaptation of dress and surroundings, this will prove a most beautiful and elevating performance, befitting any character of promiscuous entertainment. The gifts should each be appropriate to the character and the whole scene enacted with the least possible confusion.

The curtain rising, the principal character is seen in the center of the stage, in a sitting posture. Wealth appears and offers the fair searcher for happiness her treasures. These are examined, and after some time waved away. Then, Power with its crown, which is scrutinized, and after some hesitation returned to the giver. Next, Knowledge, with its ponderous tomes, which are examined and Knowledge dismissed. Fame, Painting and Music are successively rejected. Beauty approaches, is embraced and reluctantly discarded. Love follows with its wings and bow and arrow. These are seized, the bow drawn, but soon dropped to the floor, and the former position resumed, while the bosom heaves, evincing the bitter pang the act has cost. Finally, Religion approaches with the Bible, pointing with the finger to a world above. This is accepted as the object of the search, the choice is acquiesced in, by the other actors who have remained in the background, when all come forward and join in chanting the Lord's Prayer. KATE WHITTLESEY.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

A PANTOMIME.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.—Santa Claus, a large boy, with long, white hair and beard, round fur or paper cap, an enormous pack strapped upon his shoulders, from which protrude various toys. A light carriage-cloth may be wrapped about him. George and Fred—Two little boys, one quite small, dressed in short blouse and pantaloons in Scene I. In Scenes II, III and IV in long, colored dressing-gowns. Nellie—Small girl with short dress and apron in Scene I. In Scenes II, III and IV in long white night-robe. Father and Mother—Large boy and girl in ordinary house dress, except the father, as Santa Claus in Scene III.

SCENE I.

THE children come bounding in, they bow to the audience, glance at the clock, go to a small bureau, and opening a drawer extract three pairs of colored hose. They pin the tops together, and mounting chairs proceed to hang them carefully upon hooks prepared to receive them. Georgie points to the clock, expressing that it is nearly bed-time. Nellie claps her hands, and Fred jumps about and smiles his joy. Taking hold of hands they bow and go out.

SCENE II.

The mother enters with the children, who are robed for sleep. She leads the two youngest, one by each hand. They pause, pointing to the stockings. The mother smiles, and toys with Fred's curls. She leads them to the couch, over which blankets are spread, and kneels in front of couch, the children follow her example, with clasped hands and bowed heads. They remain in this attitude a short time, then rising, the mother proceeds to assist the two boys into bed, kisses them good-night, looks out of the window, then tucks the covering closer about them. She then leads Nellie to the crib, lifts her in,

kisses her, arranges the chairs, closes the drawer that the children left open, takes one more look at the boys and goes out.

Scene III.

Santa Claus comes creeping cautiously in, makes a profound bow to the audience, then peering at the occupants of couch and crib to be sure they are locked in the arms of Morpheus, he proceeds to fill the stockings. While he is thus engaged, the youngest boy (*who should have piercing eyes*) slowly raises his curly head from the pillow, and recognizing his father in the person of Santa Claus, places a finger significantly upon his nose, as much as to say, "You can't fool me!" Of course, his movements are unnoticed by Santa Claus, who fills the stockings to repletion, places sundry other large toys, such as a sled, wax doll, hobby, etc., under each respective stocking, and laying a finger upon his lips, bows and goes out.

Scene IV.

The father and mother enter, and going up to the children, pantomime that they are asleep, and must not be disturbed. They sit. Children begin to show signs of waking. Fred leaps to the floor with a bound, rubbing his eyes, the others follow in rapid succession, and mounting chairs, wrench the stockings from the hooks, and scatter their contents over the floor.—(*They should contain nothing that would injure by falling.*)—Fred shakes his finger mischievously at his father, then rushes up and kisses him heartily. The children gather up the toys, which they drop again, and finally, with arms full, they all face the audience, bow and go out.—Jennie Joy.

SECTION VIII

THE ASCUTNEY CHARADES

BY JULIA A. SABINE

I

My First in ancient Rome was used,
  Both as a coin and weight;
My Second often is refused
  To those who made the rate;
A statesman and a general great,
  Who bore an honored name,
My Third; he met a cruel fate,
  Which but enhanced his fame.

Passing a pleasant little town,
  Shaded by many a tree,
A sparkling river ripples down
  Seeking its home, the sea.
A lofty mountain in the west
  Is clothed in living green;
It is my Whole, whose rock-crowned crest,
  Adds grandeur to the scene.

II

My men were all my First, brave, stalwart, true,
  Men one could safely trust with gold uncounted;
I knew they would not fail to dare and do,
  And every obstacle would be surmounted.

The pitcher that goes often to the well,
  In course of time is certain to be broken,
And when they come the doleful news to tell,
  Alas, my Next! you cry with grief unspoken.

'Tis sad my Whole should ever be abused,
  You'd think, at least, it might escape from hanging,
But such its fate, unless it be refused,
  Amid the beat of drums and brass bands clanging.

III

On California's verdant slopes
  And in her fertile fields
Is found the fruit, which, treated right,
  My First, enticing, yields.

My Second is to me the most
  Important thing on earth;
My Third refers to day of yore,
  Perhaps before your birth.

Ah, how shall I describe my Whole?
  It may be silk or wool,
It may be fibre from Japan
  Or mohair from Stamboul.

IV

Two letters will spell me, or five if you choose,
Or, if you prefer it, you forty may use;
My First is a cross and my Second an angle,
My Whole you will do if this web you untangle.

V

My First is marked by want of light;
My Next is swift and sure of flight;
My Whole once marred a maiden's face,
And since has been in great disgrace.

VI

An animal, my First, with horns
And mane and tail and hoofs who scorns
    And shuns the haunts of men;
Upon my Next, a lonely height,
Is often placed a beacon light,
    When ships come home again.

From day to day, and week to week,
My Whole we feverishly seek
    In restless discontent;
We say, "Our age will have it so,"
But men of Athens long ago,
    On the same thing were bent.

VII

My First's a quiet place of rest,
Of which we think, while in the west
    The twilight lingers still;

My Next is for improvement aye,
And never more so than to-day,
The world does not stand still.

An ancient dame when spying round
My Whole, a piece of money found,
Which she discreetly used;
But some there are who money waste,
Such boon to them would be misplaced
And sure to be abused.

VIII

My First, my Second, and my Third
In sequence make a glorious word.

My Fourth is blue, but sometimes white,
And sometimes calls us out at night.

My Whole is much in requisition,
And goes to every exposition.

IX

My First, if he were saucy to his brother,
Would surely get for answer, "You're another."

My Second lies forever at man's heart,
Man would not be man from it torn apart.

And just as surely is my Third man's end,
The goal to which his forces all must tend.

Although my Whole with Erin has connection,
Its origin was in a different section.

X

My First is but a simple decoration,
Such as girls wear;
My Second is a careless observation,
Made here and there.

About my Whole one thing we surely know,
She fell asleep;
And we have reason to believe also
She was "in sheep."

XI

My First is he of whom a jest
Is made; my Next a well-known stream
In Britain, which has been the theme
Of romance and of war-like zest.

My Whole, a holy hermit dwelt
And walked and prayed this stream beside;
He and his order long since died;
Their saintly influence still is felt.

XII

My First the helmsman guides aright
And tells him how to steer;
My Next in orchestra is heard,
'Tis pleasant to the ear.

My Whole, which ripens in the fall,
Is at the fruit stands sold,
And much esteemed by great and small
Until it gets too old.

XIII

"Will you my First?" the lover cried,
"My Next is green, the time is now."
The blush that mounted to her brow
A sweetly answering "Yes," implied.

Parson was fishing in a brook,
He married them beneath the pines,
And then he wrote their marriage lines
Upon my Whole, torn from his book.

XIV

My First was worshiped like a queen
In ancient days and once was seen
Within a palace grand;
My Next has followed long the sea
And in the water likes to be,
But it belongs on land.

My Third is sluggish and inert,
But once a year it doth exert
Itself and then it rolls;
'Tis wonderful indeed to me
This ponderous, stupid thing to see
Revolving on its poles.

My Whole is free to all who care
To take it and sometimes a pair
Are thrown in at your door.
The postman brings it in his sack,
It crowds your house, you cry "Alack!
I wish there were no more."

XV

My First is seen in pageants great,
  Where incense burns and candles glow,
A union betwixt church and state,
  A grand ecclesiastic show.
I like a simple ritual best,
It soothes the spirit, bids it rest.

My Next the martyred churchman cried,
  When stretched in pain upon my third,
Only one moan, and then he died,
  That moan has been through ages heard.
Now, looking backward, we can see
That such as he have made us free.

Oh, holy, dark and silent night,
  That saw a prophet's sacred tour!
An angel came arrayed in white
  And gold, to make his calling sure,
And brought my Whole, all dazzling bright,
To bear him on to perfect light.

XVI

My First was known in the remotest times,
  And loved and idolized, as 'tis to-day;
Is found in northern and in southern climes,
  And bears o'er childhood's heart despotic sway;
Poets have celebrated it in rhymes,
  But yet it has seldom a word to say.
My Next is a piece of land, the measure
For which we'd give my Whole with greatest pleasure.

XVII

My First is simply an abbreviation,
  One that is very often to be seen;
My Next is given to saintly contemplation,
  And lives in holy joy and peace serene;
My Third has often furnished occupation
  To many a boy, who was not yet fourteen;
My Whole sometimes enlivens conversation,
And sometimes only causes great vexation.

XVIII

My First was a musician's son,
  Who sadly went astray;
Though wrong that such things should be done
  We hear of them each day.

My Next, another wicked one,
  Who sought a place to find,
Whence he might peep, was instantly
  And wholly stricken blind.

My Whole, an instrument that makes
  A harsh, unpleasant noise,
Is often heard with great delight,
  By hungry little boys.

XIX

My First is but a bitter word,
  A sarcasm, or a hit,
But yet it hurts, perhaps 'tis well
  To draw the sting from wit.

I knew he came from Scotia's land,
The fact my Next betrayed,
A leader he of Highland band
In many a border raid.

My Whole is such a handy thing,
We can't afford to flout it;
In summer, autumn, winter, spring,
We cannot do without it.

XX

My First is a familiar preposition;
My Second is a form of composition;
My Whole is quite as stubborn and contrary
As Mother Goose's celebrated Mary.

XXI

My First hard by the waters cool are seen
Laving my Second in the crystal flood;
While close at hand you'll find, beside the road,
My Whole, a symphony in gold and green.

XXII

My First is a picturesque kind of fence,
Like that of which Erin's poet tells,
"Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us the least when it most repels."

My Second is something that all should know how
To do, and do well, if occasion arise;
For though it might not be needful just now,
The time may come soon when the knowledge we'll prize.

My Whole may be seen in England's green lanes,
  Where the pearly dew shines in the morning sun
As the reapers go by, and as the day wanes
  They pass it again when their labor is done.

XXIII

My First is so versatile that it is more
  Than one person can do to describe it complete;
It may be foundation, it may be a floor,
  It may be a sediment, bitter or sweet.

My Second is lazy, and stupid and fat,
  There is nothing about him attractive or sweet;
He is greedy and selfish, but yet, for all that,
  There are numbers of people, who like him to eat.

My Whole is a prophet, and he can foretell
  Whether winter will hasten or spring linger late;
His methods are simple, you all know them well,
  He guesses by shadows, then leaves it to fate.

XXIV

My First is the price of a lawyer's brief;
My Second can only exist in belief;
While some people think that my Whole is too sly,
There are others who in it great beauty descry.

XXV

Sometimes my Whole will hide its smiling face,
And then we long for Second's sparkling grace;
Because my Whole, though useful in its way
Is not enough to turn our night to day.

XXVI

Amid the heavenly bodies once was found
  My First, a fact which made a great commotion;
But why she chose to leave the solid ground
  And float in air, I'm sure I've not a notion.

This is the age of scholarship, but still,
  Without my Second we should be benighted,
For knowledge could not be diffused until
  Thought to the power of expression was united.

To-day my Whole presents a peaceful scene,
  Far from the din and turmoil of life's battle;
But warlike feet once trod the turf so green,
  While hoarse commands were heard and muskets' rattle.

XXVII

For comradeship my First is ever noted,
  "Honor 'mong thieves," as the old saying goes;
This one to that one ever is devoted,
  Clinging together in the midst of foes.

My Second and my Third a fact will state
  With serious assertion or with solemn oath,
'Tis absolutely certain, sure as fate
  When gravely urged by Third and Second both.

A flood of tiresome nonsense is my Whole,
  To which we listen, wishing it were o'er;
A wishy-washy, never ending rôle
  Of repetitions vain and nothing more.

XXVIII

When Britain's king, in days long past,
To ease his hunger tried my Last,
He found it very good;
While yet it graced the sovereign's board,
He, rising, drew his kingly sword,
My First he said, 'twas but a word,
The symbol of knighthood.

And since that day, the world around,
Or when or where my Whole is found,
It bears its knightly name;
In memory of those ancient days
When first it earned a monarch's praise
And gained a place in poet's lays
And won undying fame.

XXIX

In days which antedate the Huns
There lived a man who had three sons,
And son the second was my First;
I do not think he died of thirst.

Her cheeks are red, her forehead white,
Her teeth are pearls, her eyes are bright,
Her step is free but I have reckoned
'Twould not be thus were she my Second.

The dude comes walking down the street,
With dress in each detail complete;
Men call him "light-weight" as I've heard,
They'll never say that of my Third.

When Scotland's hapless Queen Marie
Was young and happy, gay and free,
Four friends had she, dear to her soul,
In one perchance you'll find my Whole.

XXX

My First is to enumerate,
  To classify or name;
My Second makes it easier
  For one to do the same;
My Whole, however, like the sands of sea,
Can never classified or numbered be.

XXXI

My First is privilege that may
  Belong to man or mule;
My Second is a word we say
  In speaking to a fool;
My Whole is trifling and so light,
It scarce can be described aright.

XXXII

Long, long ago, a beauteous maid
  Found in my First a tomb,
She was a promised bride and mourned
  By all; how sad her doom!

This is an age when fine machines
  Show great mechanic skill;
Without my Next they would not be
  Obedient to your will.

Although the century calls for new,
My Whole is very stale,
And with disgust we turn from it
As from long opened ale.

XXXIII

My First, a tale of history,
Once found a watery grave,
When men who fought for liberty
Threw it upon the wave.

I saw a man fall in the street,
And a policeman beckoned;
"Pray is he ill?" I cried, "Oh! no;
He's only in my Second."

A genial poet, much esteemed,
Loved books with all his soul,
And in his latter days he wrote
And lingered o'er my Whole.

XXXIV

My First goes a bumping and buzzing around;
My Second is quiet, it makes not a sound;
My Whole in deep sleep will quite often be found.

XXXV

It is my First to-day, and so I think I'll stay,
Within my Second housed and while the hours away
Reading my Whole, the book which I like best alway.

XXXVI

My First has always, as I have been told,
  One of my Second he can call his own,
But if he has one of my Whole to hold
  For "keeps" is something I have never known.

XXXVII

My First, though sometimes horned, is a fish;
So is my Next, which shows well on a dish;
And when my Whole is dominant you'll wish
That you yourself had been hatched out a fish.

XXXVIII

My First destroys, consumes, and wastes,
  But never builds again;
To do my Next is common to
  All living sons of men.

My Third is a protuberance,
  Which may upset your wheel;
My Fourth has power to express
  To others what you feel.

My Whole in olden times won fame
  As keeper of live stock;
But in these modern days gives name
  To a discarded frock.

XXXIX

If you are versed in fairy lore
  And know the old tales well,
Two brothers you'll recall to mind
  Whose names my First will spell.

My Second is a common tool,
  Useful as many another;
Your aunt and sister are my Third,
  Your cousin and your mother.

Wisdom and strength and scorn you'll find,
  And dignity and grace,
With curiosity combined
  Upon my Whole's fair face.

XL

My First is what a king must be,
  And yet it is a king's desire;
My Second, fishermen at sea
  May use or not as they require.
Poets have made my Whole in dainty rhymes
From Shakespeare's days, down to these modern times.

XLI

A cat or dog my First may be;
  My Next in song is often heard;
The hunter aimed, he could not see
  His mark and breathed: "Stoop lower my Third."
My Whole, a simple pastoral song,
Is sweet and charming, but not long.

XLII

My First is a genial old uncle;
  Of my Second, I think, he has none;
My Whole, although never an actor,
  Once brought down the house "with a run."

XLIII

My First is a dunce, he has no ideas;
My Second is eaten or so it appears;
My Whole once ran off in a terrible fright
From a hideous creature as black as night.

XLIV

My First may be a twist or simple fold;
  My Next may of my Whole the praises sing
  Which, like my Third a gray and quiet thing,
Played an important rôle in days of old.

XLV

My First is powerful, to will and do,
  And monarchs from it have derived their name;
My Next is joyous, happy, weaving through
  Our lives a golden thread that all may claim,
Although my Third so sorrowful may blame
  Us much for yielding to a thing so slight,
And wonder that we absolution claim.
  My Whole, a quadruped, will take its flight
Alarmed, with mighty bounds, leaping at each fresh fright.

XLVI

My First was once a part of one
  Of "Alexandre's best;"
My Second is a fish, 'tis found
  Alike in east and west.
My Whole was once acknowledged as a king,
But time will many sad reverses bring.

XLVII

My First are seen in feathered bands
  Ofttimes in village street;
My Second, never made by hands,
  Is filled with something sweet.
My Whole, a showy garden flower
  Is oftenest bright red;
But the first autumn frost will lower
  To dust its haughty head.

XLVIII

My First is a lake;
  My Second a lair;
My Whole blossoms out
  In gold flowers fair.

XLIX

My First goes frequently by train,
  By steamer on the sea;
Unto my Next we all attain,
  At least in a degree;
My Whole they find a heavy drain,
  Who authors wish to be.

L

FIRST

The scimetar was sharp, through air it flew,
  Swiftly and surely like a flash of light;
The victim felt it not, nor ever knew
  The why or wherefore of his spirit's flight.
He stood a moment as one in amaze,
  With life's warm current still his lips were red,
Then forward stepped, before his eyes a haze,
  He staggered, from his shoulders rolled his head

SECOND

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
  But better far than beauty I am found;
For virtue lends a charm to beauty ever
  Merit excels it all the world around.
But beauty, clad in garments I design,
  Another grace takes on, her lovely form
Trailing soft silks and laces, rare and fine,
  With my assistance takes the world by storm

WHOLE

The witty old father was heterodox,
  He said creeds were all false and religion a bore;
The clever young daughter was orthodox,
  Had swallowed three creeds and was ready for more.
She said: "My dear father, if you will abstain
  From attacking the church which weak mortals so need,
With your pen, then will I in my turn refrain
  From exploiting an article, dogma or creed."

SOLUTIONS

1. Ascutney.
2. Picture.
3. Portière.
4. Excel.
5. Blackbird.
6. Newness.
7. Bedroom.
8. Liberty Bell.
9. Potatoes.
10. Bo Peep.
11. Culdee.
12. Concord.
13. Fly Leaf.
14. Catalogue.
15. Alborak.
16. Dollar.
17. Conundrum.
18. Tom Tom.
19. Rubber.
20. Perverse.
21. Cowslip.
22. Hedgerow.
23. Ground Hog.
24. Feline.
25. Skylight.
26. Cowpens.
27. Palaver.
28. Sirloin.
29. Hamilton.
30. Countless.
31. Kickshaw.
32. Chestnut.
33. Teacups.
34. Dormouse.
35. Bleak House.
36. Dog Days.
37. Dog Star.
38. Mother Hubbard
39. Grimalkin.
40. Sonnet.
41. Madrigal.
42. Samson.
43. Muffet.
44. Plymouth Rock.
45. Kangaroo.
46. Cotton.
47. Cockscomb.
48. Linden.
49. Postage.
50. Edgeworth.

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